

“PAINTING WITH DOG”

**Written By
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FADE IN:

INT. ROYAL ACADEMY LONDON (1827) - DAY

CU: OF THE PAINTING - "MORTLAKE TERRACE" by William Turner (without the black dog in the center).

We see WILLIAM TURNER (52), in early 19th century clothing, studying his painting.

DAVE HARRINGTON (O.S.)
The year is 1827. William Turner, the Painter of Light, was commissioned to paint a view of the Thames from William Moffatt's riverside house. Look at the dreamlike shimmer. But wait, something is missing.

INT. TURNER'S STUDIO (1827) - DAY

Turner at a desk cutting a black piece of paper into the shape of a dog.

INT. ROYAL ACADEMY LONDON(1827) - DAY

Turner, standing before the painting at the Royal Academy, pastes the paper dog in the center of the painting.

DAVE HARRINGTON (O.S.)
Turner pasted a dog onto the painting. Voila! That little black dog barking at the boats increases the aerial effect.

STUDENT (O.S.)
Early Photoshop.
(laughter)

CU: "MORTLAKE TERRACE" PAINTING [with black dog]

INT. LARGE COLLEGE LECTURE HALL (THE PRESENT) - FALL - DAY

Lights come on. The lecture hall is too large for the five female and one male undergraduate students present. They put laptops/notebooks in their backpacks.

DAVE HARRINGTON (34), 5'10, clean-shaven, art history professor at a liberal arts college addresses the class.

DAVE

And while we're on the topic of dogs, I brought a little treat for everybody to help you prepare for your final exam.

Everyone laughs as he produces boxes of animal crackers which he tosses to the students. MAGGIE (20), female student.

MAGGIE

Thanks, Dr. Harrington. I'm going to glue these to my message board. It might increase the *aerial affect*.

DAVE

And before you leave, I'd like to say how impressed I am that you few chose to climb the mountain. While others seek the baubles of wealth, you sought the palace of the mind and beauty. Beauty is more valuable than all the wealth in the world.

(beat)

On that note, I hope you sign up for my spring semester class...
Inequality in Cat Paintings.

Students roll eyes.

Students exit. Dave collects his notes as DEAN WRIGHT (50s), balding, in tweed sports jacket, enters and approaches him.

DEAN WRIGHT

Dave, we need to talk.

Dave makes a confused face.

DEAN WRIGHT (CONT'D)

Let's go to my office.

INT. COLLEGE ACADEMIC HALLWAY - DAY

They pass a large lecture hall with hundreds of students being taught by BARRY STEIN (30s), unkempt, uncombed hair. Dean Wright motions to the door.

DEAN WRIGHT

Cybersecurity. That's where the money is. Barry can't get enough seats for all his students. We may have to hire another professor.

INT. DEAN WRIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

Dean Wright sits in a plush leather chair behind a mahogany desk and Dave sits opposite, in a wooden chair.

DEAN WRIGHT

Dave, uh, how are you doing?

DAVE

(sighs, looks away)
Oh, I don't know. I could be much better. But, you know... what's up?

DEAN WRIGHT

So the regents met this morning. As you know, the humanities are under siege. Enrollments are nose diving. They voted to cut adjuncts in Philosophy and Art History. I know this is a tough time with you and Julie breaking up, but we just don't have the numbers to sustain another class for you.

DAVE

(very calmly, but agitated)
I see. So nobody cares about William Turner, one of the greatest masters of British watercolor landscapes, huh? Is that what you're telling me?

DEAN WRIGHT

Dave, please. Don't make this-

Dave daydreams.

FLASHBACK

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

Dave stands before Thomas Eakins "The Artist's Wife and His Setter Dog".

DAVE

Look how he highlights the dog's muzzle. Brilliant!
(smiles like a kid in a candy store)

JULIE HARRINGTON (30), too focused on her cell phone to notice.

JULIE
(playing "Angry Birds")
Uh-huh.

CTBT:

Dave tightens his grip on his handful of papers.

DAVE
And nobody really gives a flying
fig about Michelangelo or
Shakespeare... anything at all...
except zeros and ones? Zeros and
ones! Zeros and ones rule the
earth!

DEAN WRIGHT
Dave, I don't have anything to do
with this. It's the market place.
It's how things are today.

DAVE
Well, it's not how things are for
me today!

Dave jumps up, exits, slamming the door. Dean Wright stares
at the door, then looks at Dave's pink slip on his desk. He
hears yelling and gets up to explore.

INT. COLLEGE ACADEMIC HALLWAY - DAY

An agitated Dave charges towards Barry's lecture hall. Dean
Wright, concerned, follows from far down the hall.

EXT. BARRY'S LECTURE HALL - DAY

Dave throws open the door and barges in.

INT. BARRY'S LECTURE HALL - DAY

Dave yells at the class.

DAVE
Well, I'll tell you how things are.
Look at you, all you STEM people!
Robots. You are all robots. You
know what STEM stands for: Stupid,
Trivial, Elitist, Mediocre. A STEM.
Yes, that's all you are... a DEAD
stem. You have never branched out.

STUDENT
 (calling out)
 At least we will have a job.

Students sitting nearby begin to chuckle, as the laughter spreads.

Barry tries to pull Dave out of the class.

BARRY
 Dave! Get a handle.

DAVE
 Watch a sunset, but never feel its warmth!

Dave steps onto a wobbly chair, then unsteadily onto the desk. His form is seen through the projection of the computer code Barry had been teaching. He throws his papers at the class and they float down like large pieces of confetti.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 See a flower but never smell its fragrance! Why? Because it will be on a computer screen. A soulless world. You're being robbed!

Dean Wright runs into the room and tries to pull Dave out.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Cast aside these colorless cables. To be free of tech or not to be free, that is the question. Live free or die!

DEAN WRIGHT	DAVE
Dave! Get out of here! Come on!	ZOMBIES! (struggling to get free)

Dean Wright and Barry each grab a leg and lower Dave to the ground, dragging him out of the room.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 You're all zombies... CYBER ZOMBIES!

INT. APARTMENT OF BARRY STEIN - EVENING

Computers, monitors, various electronics everywhere. Barry's dog, JAVA, a Pugapoo, lies on the floor. Barry is at the kitchen table working on his laptop and drinking coffee from a mug. Dave enters the front door and puts down his briefcase.

BARRY

Well, here he is. Lost Savior of the Humanities. Bump off any engineers on the way?

DAVE

Barry... I'm really sorry. I don't know what came over-

BARRY

(brushing things off)

Egh... my students already thought liberal arts majors were looney. Your fine performance just gave them the hard data. No hard feelings. I'm not going to kick you out. In fact, we'll run a rescue mission for displaced art historians.

DAVE

Displaced is right. I guess Wright filled you in.

BARRY

Yeah, you're low hanging fruit.

DAVE

Thanks, Barry. With Julie getting the condo, I'd be on the street.

BARRY

Not a big deal. Before you got here, the room was collecting dust.

Dave blows dust off an old computer.

DAVE

And a few computers.

BARRY

Yeah, well, you know. Zeros and ones everywhere you go.

DAVE

I don't know how much longer I can chip in. My funds are pretty low after the divorce.

BARRY

No problema, man. Java likes having you here, don't you, girl?

Java growls.

INT. ART MUSEUM FOYER - DAY

MUSEUM CURATOR, Male, (50s), and Dave are conversing.

MUSEUM CURATOR

Mr. Harrington, you certainly have fine credentials. Unfortunately, we just don't have any openings for a museum curator at this time. Give me a call in six months.

INSERT: Digital Sign Reads: "Bronx Community College"

INT. BRONX COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY

Dave sits across from SHERILYN (40s), hippie dress, sitting at her desk.

SHERILYN

Nothing in the art field. We do have a need in cybersecurity. Do you have any background in that area?

DAVE

No.

SHERILYN

We can give you a book and as long as you are a chapter ahead of the students, they won't notice. I took art history in college and there was a lot of crossover between Byzantine mosaics and cybersecurity.

DAVE

Really?

Dave gives her an incredulous look.

SHERILYN

Wheat, for example, represented the sacrament at the Last Supper and the pitchfork, the devil. So all of those zeroes and ones hide nasty symbols that infect our computers just like those little pieces of ceramic hide messages.

Dave shakes his head in agreement.

INT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE - DAY

TITLE CARD: Three Months Later...

Dave sketches a portrait of REWINA JOHNSON (40s), perky, medium height, large gold earrings, a chain on her eye glasses, name plate is on her desk. They sit opposite each other.

The office is bustling with activity; other applicants wait, discarded newspapers and paper cups on the floor.

REWINA

What skills do you have that may interest an employer, Mr.-

DAVE

Harrington. I know a lot about art, especially old art. Victorian dog art.

REWINA

OK...

(types into her computer)

Well, I don't have a lot of demand for, uh, that... I mean Rembrandt's been dead for awhile.

(laughs)

DAVE

He's not Victorian.

REWINA

Did you ever see those paintings of dogs playing poker?

Dave shakes his head yes and continues to sketch.

REWINA (CONT'D)

My uncle had a poster when I was a kid. That bulldog passing the ace... Oooo-eeee. I loved that picture.

DAVE

OK. Do you have any listings for me?

REWINA

If you painted poker dogs, you and me could go into business. Must be a million people want a dog playing poker.

Dave is silent but getting agitated.

DAVE

I TALK about paintings. It's just... Look, I'm desperate! Can't you see that I'm desperate? I don't give a shit about the damn poker dogs. I know Victorian dog art like Edwin Landseer, and Charles Burton Barber, and Briton Rivière-

Rewina stares blankly at Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Which apparently means nothing... absolutely nothing... to you and to 99.7 percent of people on the face of this damn earth. Right?

REWINA

Mr. Harrington... I... yes. You are absolutely right.

DAVE

Maybe I look narrow to you. Is dog art too narrow? OK. I'll branch out into Impressionism and talk about Manet and Monet if you like that better. But you don't, do you?

REWINA

Right. Mr. Harrington-

DAVE

Can't you do something for me?

REWINA

(stares at Dave, for a beat)
OK. Are we finished with our little snit fit?
(to herself, as she rummages through folders on her desk)
Just like my kids.

Dave leans back and seethes, staring at Rewina. He looks at the sketch in his hand and looks again at Rewina's face. He takes a deep breath and adds a few more lines to fill out the eyebrows.

INSERT: Dave Sketching Rewina

REWINA (CONT'D)

You'd be good in customer service.
Here's a list of jobs to get you
started.

(still rummaging through
folders)

Somewhere...

(finally locates the needed
folder)

Ah. Now remember, three potential
employers per week to keep
assistance, you know.

(signals for next client)

Next.

Dave stands up, swaps his sketch for her paper. She takes an
approving look at the sketch.

INSERT: Sketch of Rewina

REWINA (CONT'D)

You *could* so draw poker dogs.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - EARLY SPRING - DAY

Dave sits on park bench, a bag of dog waste beside him. Java
on a leash, lies on a bed of crocuses nearby. Dave, engrossed
in his phone, gets up and departs with Java in tow. He
suddenly realizes...

DAVE

Damn. Where's the bag?

Dave turns around just in time to see JESSICA FOWLER (32),
put together, walking LEO, her English Bulldog, approaching
the bench. She is engrossed in her phone too.

JESSICA

(sits on the bag, quickly jumps
up)

Shit!

Dave races to the scene (a little late), when their eyes
meet, as she daintily hands him the bag of waste.

DAVE

Uh, Sorry. So sorry.

INT. MINI-MART - DAY

STORE MANAGER (40s), large man in sweat shirt, holds Dave's resume as Dave stares vacantly around the store.

MANAGER

Princeton. Very impressive. You'd be my first Phi Beta Kappa floor sweeper. Have you run a POS system?

DAVE

Uh?

MANAGER

Cash register.

DAVE

No.

MANAGER

Look... I know you're a smart guy, but you're not a good fit. I can already see how this turns out; I spend two weeks training you, you get some fancy offer from the university... I'm empty handed.
(hands resume back)

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Dave takes a deep breath and enters.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Manager shaking his head as he hands Dave back his resume.

EXT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - DAY

Plush Manhattan kennel. Large sign above the glass entrance reads, "Pedigree Dog Resort and Spa". Several dog walkers exit, each with a prancing canine in hand.

As walkers exit, Vivian VAN DOREN (50s), busty, wealthy, well-dressed, with puffy teased dyed blond hair storms in holding ITSY, a Toy Poodle.

INT. PEDEGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA LOBBY - DAY

Jessica stands at the counter.

JESSICA

(feigning perkiness)

Good morning, Mrs. Van Doren. How are you today? And how's Itsy?

Van Doren holds up Itsy.

VAN DOREN

It's your fault. She cut Itsy's hair too short.

(to dog in baby talk)

Didn't she, Itsy, baby? Look at you.

Jessica taps on the glass window behind her, where RUTH (20s), groomer, kind, is cutting a Border Collie's fur. On seeing Mrs. Van Doren, Ruth comes out to the counter holding a big mat of dog hair.

JESSICA

I'm sorry Mrs. Van Doren. But Itsy's hair was so matted Ruth had no choice. We told you before you-

VAN DOREN

Humph! Itsy's hair is never matted.

JESSICA

Well, somehow it got matted this time. Maybe while she was-

VAN DOREN

And Mama doesn't want whats-her-name walking Itsy.

(baby talk to Itsy)

No, she doesn't.

(normal talk)

Jessica, if you can't find a Yale graduate, I'll have to take my little Itsy elsewhere.

JESSICA

We'll see what we can do, Mrs. Van Doren. I'll have Ruth accentuate the tuft of hair on the top of her head. Add a few fur extensions. We'll fix her up.

VAN DOREN

And another thing...

(taps her fake blue nails on the glass counter)

When are you getting doga yoga?

(MORE)

VAN DOREN (CONT'D)

It would be so good for Itsy,
wouldn't it, Itsy, baby?
(brushes Itsy's hair from
her face, to Jessica)
Your competitors are passing you
up.

Jessica manages a fake smile.

JESSICA

I don't know Mrs. Van Doren. Maybe
in the future. We're busy enough
right now.

She hands Itsy to Ruth. Van Doren marches out, her designer
high heels clicking on the tile floor.

NIGEL (late 20s), in a suit, walks in with MURPHY, a Welsh
Corgi on a leash.

RUTH

(to Jessica, under her breath)
It's not the dogs, it's the
parents.
(exits with Itsy into the
grooming room)

JESSICA

(to dog)
Good morning, Murphy, and uh, how
are you? Sautéed organs with
broccoli, for lunch today?

NIGEL

That's fine. Remember, he doesn't
play well with others, so-

JESSICA

We have a one dog, one walker
policy.

Nigel exits as SHARON (20s), dog walker, preps the Welsh
Corgi for a walk.

The phone rings from Jessica's office as she gestures for
RAUL (26), the kennel manager; blue dyed hair, earring, tight
jeans, takes over for her at the counter.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - JESSICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jessica rushes into her office, nearly stepping on a sleeping
Leo, reaching for the phone.

JESSICA
Hello, Pedigree Resort...
(sigh)
No, sorry, we don't have doga yoga
yet. Sorry. Bye.
(puts down phone)

Phone rings. Jessica picks up.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Hello, Pedigree Resort...
(sigh)
No, sorry, we don't have doga yoga
yet.
(looks at phone, hangs up)
Well you don't have to be rude
about it.

Phone rings. Jessica picks up.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Pedigree Resort... Yes... No we
haven't started... Whose Rocket Boy
M?... Of course our offerings are
up to date... Well, I can't keep up
on every tweet. Sorry.
(puts down phone)

RAUL
(peeping head into the office)
Hey... did you-

JESSICA
Raul, if one more person asks for
doga yoga... Apparently Rocket Boy
M's dog, Mutt Thug, does doga yoga
with him and it's all over
Instagram. Any idea where we can
find a teacher?

RAUL
I'll ask some of the boys at the
Rendezvous tonight.

TIME LAPSE SHOT: NYC Skyline From Sundown to Sunup

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - JESSICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jessica is in her office. Ruth comes to her door with ALFIE,
a black and white Jack Russel Terrier, on a leash.

RUTH

There's a man here to see you. Um,
he's pretty out there.

Jessica rises from her desk.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - LOBBY - DAY

Chandar (30s), nearly 6'6" and 240 pounds; wearing loose white yoga pants, a bead necklace around his non-existent neck, a close beard and completely shaved head stands looking out the front window with his back to the lobby. Under his muscular tattooed arm he holds a rolled up pink yoga mat.

CHANDAR

(slowly turns)

Namaste.

(bows)

Jessica and Ruth look at each other, hesitate and bow. Chandar picks up Alfie.

CHANDAR (CONT'D)

Chandar. You need a doga yoga
teacher? I'm your man.

JESSICA

Please.

(motioning to her office, as
Chander follows)

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - JESSICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Chandar follows Jessica in her office. Jessica points to a chair and plops down behind her desk... wait, Chandar is nowhere to be found. She rises to discover he has already unrolled his yoga mat and is sitting cross legged on the floor with Alfie in his lap. Jessica stares at him for a moment, then figures she should join in.

Chandar, sitting in lotus position, slowly closes his eyes as Jessica fails to twist her legs into the proper position.

JESSICA

So how long...? Ah, I mean how long
have you been doing yoga?

Chandar breathes deeply and speaks slowly and deliberately.

CHANDAR

Six years. I played football in college. You learn to see opponents as enemies.

He winces, frowns, growls, then breathes deeply.

CHANDAR (CONT'D)

I hurt a lot of people. I couldn't sleep.

He breathes deeply. Jessica is still trying to get her leg folded in.

CHANDAR (CONT'D)

Then I discovered Rosey Grier's "Needlepoint for Men". It changed my life.

JESSICA

Rosey Grier?

CHANDAR

He used to play for the Giants. About my size. I found it very relaxing. Needlepoint, knitting, crocheting, then yoga and dog yoga. It was just a natural progression.

Chandar rises and puts his cell phone on Jessica's desk and turns on the music app. The soft drone of a tambura fills the room. Chandar bends down over Alfie and puts his palms on the floor, butt up in the air.

CHANDAR (CONT'D)

(in a tender voice)

Breathe in deeply and feel our oneness with the All Knowing.

Jessica follows suit with Leo, a bit clumsily. Chandar picks Alfie up and balances him on his back as he performs a Marjariasana or cat pose. Jessica can't get Leo on her back, so she places him beside her.

DISSOLVE FADE:

Fifteen minutes later, Leo is snoring and Alfie is sleeping on the floor.

JESSICA

Namaste. You're hired.

EXT. THRIFT STORE - DAY

People in costumes milling on the streets, dressed for New York Comic-Con.

INT. THRIFT STORE - DAY

GRACE (30s), energetic, vibrant clothing, and Jessica are combing clothes racks.

GRACE

I can't decide between Anna in "Frozen" and Princess Leia. Wayne's not so much up for Olaf. He's more the Darth Vader type.

(holds up blue skirt)

JESSICA

No. Definitely No. What do you do at these Comic Cons, anyway?

GRACE

Strut around in your costume and look at other crazy people. You should try it sometime. Maybe you'd meet a guy.

JESSICA

Grace. Please. It's not on my agenda. As far as I'm concerned, they're all Mr. Wrong. Or should I say, Mr. Cheating Wrong.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

TITLE CARD: Six Months Earlier...

NEAL (30s), 5'10", professional type, stares at Jessica, crying as she stares at a cell phone.

JESSICA

You want me to believe I didn't find her text on your phone. And you said, "We can meet when Jessica's out with Leo." Ass-hole!

NEAL

It was nothing. Really. Just some fantasy stuff.

JESSICA

Yeah. Right.

(looks at cell phone)

I guess these tits are fantasy too?
You bastard!

Throws cell phone against wall.

CTBT:

GRACE

Just because Neal was a jerk
doesn't mean all men are. I met
Wayne online and he's wonderful.
Fantastic. You're missing out.
YOLO!! YOLO, YOLO.

JESSICA

Yeah, YOLO, you, too. But this one
life isn't ready. I'm busy.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MID-SPRING DAY

Dave, with a short beard, wearing a nice-looking red shirt, pulls a Radio Flyer All-Terrain wagon containing a foldable easel, paints, canvas, dog poker paintings, and blanket along a path in Central Park. Java's leash is tied around the back of the wagon, as she follows.

DAVE

Well, Java, we couldn't ask for a
more beautiful day.

Dave parks the cart, ties his tool belt around his waist and tucks a well-used rag into one of the pockets. He takes an ace of spades and puts it into Java's collar. Then he sets up the easel and places a partially-done painting of Java in a pink bikini. He places several small paintings of dogs playing poker on the ground with a sign, "Female Poker Dogs: You can bet on them". He opens the small can of turpentine and hangs it off the easel. He mixes paint using a palette knife. People walk by paying no attention.

Jessica, in short sleeves, walks by with GRETCHEN, a German Shepherd.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Now you look like just the kind of
thoughtful woman who would be
captivated by this one.

(points with palette knife to a
Bulldog painting)

Look at that mug!

JESSICA

No, thank you.
(double take)
Say, aren't you the...?
(Gretchen sniffs Java. Jessica
pulls her away)
Gretchen!

DAVE

Uh. No. Just set up today.

JESSICA

I remember your dog... and-

DAVE

(ignoring her words)
Take a closer look at the quality,
the skill, the, uh-

JESSICA

The word you're looking for is
kitsch.

DAVE

Yes! Kitsch! Kitsch is in! Kitsch
is the new... uh, cool!

JESSICA

(shakes head)
Cute idea. But, uh, I'll pass.

She walks away and gets about 20 feet past Dave when, REBECCA (40s), tall, well dressed, passes by with NAPOLEON, a Weimaraner, who starts a fight with Gretchen. Dogs bark, the women scream, scrambling to pull the dogs apart.

As Dave rises to attention, his foot catches on the easel. He trips over, dropping his palette knife, as he and the wet painting fly to the ground. He gets up just in time to witness Napoleon bite Jessica on the right hand. He charges to the scene, grabbing Napoleon's leash, forcefully separating the dogs.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Damn!
(hand bleeding)

REBECCA

Oh god! I'm sorry. Really. He's
never done that. Napoleon! Bad dog!

Napoleon growls. Dave hands Rebecca the leash.

DAVE
(looking at Jessica's hand)
Are you OK? That doesn't look good.

JESSICA
Is your dog vaccinated?

REBECCA
Yes. Definitely. I'm so sorry.
Napoleon. Napoleon! No treats for
you today.

Dave takes Gretchen's leash from Jessica. With his other hand, he fumbles in his tool belt for something, first handing her the rag with paint on it, getting a touch of paint on her.

DAVE
Uh, I know I've got something in
here... oh, sorry... uh-

He stuffs the rag back into his tool belt. He feels for something else.

JESSICA
It's OK.

DAVE
(spots the palette knife)
Come with me. I've got an idea.

Dave, still holding Gretchen's leash, leads Jessica back to the collapsed easel. He locates his palette knife, wipes it off, cuts part of his shirt sleeve below the elbow, pulls it off and wraps it around her hand.

DAVE (CONT'D)
There. That should help. Your dog
looks OK. But that hand needs to be
cleaned up. I'll walk you back to
wherever you're going.

JESSICA
No thanks. I'm fine... really. I
don't want to keep you... from
your, uh... your paintings.

DAVE
It's quite all right. I'm, uh,
rethinking the marketing concept.
Maybe less poker and more pup?

As they talk, Dave quickly piles easel, paintings, etc. into the wagon.

JESSICA

Gretchen's not my dog. I'm short-staffed today. Two people are out sick. Pedigree Dog Resort and Spa. It's a couple blocks from here.

DAVE

Oh. So you-

JESSICA

I'm the owner. Listen, you don't have to, uh-

DAVE

Dave. Dave Harrington.

JESSICA

Jessica. Thanks for helping me, Dave.

They start to shake hands but she remembers her wound and shakes with the left hand.

They walk together, Dave pulling the wagon with Java tied to the back and holding Gretchen's leash.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - DAY

Dave with half a sleeve and Jessica with wrapped hand, enter with Gretchen, Java and wagon. Raul, on hands and knees, cleans up a mess on the floor and sees only Jessica's feet from his perspective.

RAUL

(on the floor, talking to himself)

Bladder control. That's all I ask. Just a little bladder control.

(sees Jessica's feet)

Oh my God. I'm so glad you're back. We're swamped and I haven't had a second. Bernard's about to pee his pants and...

He stands up and catches sight of Dave as Leo rushes over to Jessica.

RAUL (CONT'D)

(reaching out to pull Gretchen's leash from Dave)

God! Is there a war out there?

(noticing Jessica's hand)

Are you OK?

JESSICA

I'm fine, I'm fine... a Weimaraner attacked Gretchen. I tried to pull them apart... this man, uh, Dave, helped me.

Dave waves to Raul, who grabs a first aid kit and begins tending to Jessica's wound.

Dave looks around and sees Leo approach Java. Both dogs wag their tails and sniff each other playfully. Leo catches a whiff of Dave and growls.

DAVE

(nervously)
Good Boy. Good Boy. Is that his regular face, or is he mad?

JESSICA

Leo! He's so picky... about people.

DAVE

I'm just as picky about dogs, aren't I, Java?

RAUL

(notices Dave's ripped shirt and makes a face)
Boy, do we need help.

Leo and Java play.

JESSICA

(wincing as Raul blots wound)
Ouch! Who's taking Bernard out?

RAUL

Everyone's scheduled. I'm taking Bucky and-

JESSICA

Tell Mrs. Johnson, we had an emergency. She's not the most understanding person in the world. And call Mr. Paddington and tell him we'll have to reschedule Sammy's massage. He'll live.

Bernard barks loudly from the back.

RAUL

Coming, Bernie, dear. Hold on. *Pull-eze* hold on, honey.

Dave puts his hand on the wagon. Raul finishes wrapping Jessica's hand, then rushes to the back and returns with BERNARD, a 200 pound Great Dane, and BUCKY, a Pekingese.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Bernard cannot wait a second longer!

A FEDEX DELIVERY MAN (20s) enters with an armful of boxes balanced one atop another. All the dogs start barking.

As FedEx Man approaches front counter, he accidentally drops all of the boxes on the floor. Raul reaches down to pick up a box, but he is holding Bernard and Bucky's leashes and stands back up.

FedEx Man holds out a clipboard for Raul to sign.

DAVE
Well, you seem to be in good hands.
I guess I'll be going. Come on,
Java.
(starts to leave)

RAUL
Wait!
(grabs Java's leash and pulls
her away from Leo)
Take this.
(thrusts Bernard's leash into
Dave's hand)

For a moment, all three dog leashes are entwined.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Make yourself useful. We're *really*
short staffed. *Please*. Take
Bernard.

Dave reluctantly takes leash and looks wide-eyed at Bernard.

Raul holds Bucky and Java's leashes in left hand and signs clipboard. FedEx Man turns and leaves. Dogs stop barking.

DAVE
But I, uh-

RAUL
(holding Bucky and Java, opens
grooming door, calls to Ruth)
Ruth, give Java a trim. She needs
it. Then she can play with Leo.
(MORE)

RAUL (CONT'D)

They definitely have a thing for each other. Too cute! Just too cute.

Ruth takes Java to the back with Leo following.

JESSICA

Alright. Raul, Dave can walk Bernard. You can walk Mrs. Anders' Pekingese.

She looks at Dave.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

And Dave, thank you. Bernard's got a sweet disposition. Very obedient. He's one of my favorites and easy to control.

RAUL

Take him up to the Bethesda Fountain and back. And you need to download our App so you can note when he poops and pees. Our clients like big data, the scatological type.

Dave starts to walk out with Bernard.

RAUL (CONT'D)

You forgot something.

Raul points to a wall dispenser with plastic bags.

DAVE

Oh, yeah.

Dave walks over and grabs one small plastic bag and turns to go. Raul hands him a bigger bag.

RAUL

Industrial size.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Dave walks Bernard.

DAVE

OK Bernard. They say you are a good dog, so no shenanigans. Just a leisurely stroll through the park. OK?

Dave, noticing his shoe lace untied, loosely loops Bernard's leash to the back of a park bench, onto which he drops a plastic bag full of dog waste. He begins to tie his shoe when a barking Chihuahua from out of nowhere charges straight for Bernard. Startled, Bernie yanks the leash free from the bench and skittishly runs off. Dave chases after the dogs hopping on one foot as he fumbles with his loose shoe... leaving the bag of dog waste behind.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Bernard! Bernard!

MONTAGE

- Dave quickly begins to tie shoe but stops and starts running with untied shoe after Bernard.
- Bernard is running away through Central Park.
- Dave's shoe falls off and he starts hopping up and down as he tries to get it back on.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Barry is on his computer, when Java barges through the front door followed by Dave; one shoe, half a shirt sleeve, pulling wagon in tow.

BARRY
(noticing Java's new trim)
Java! Get a load of that cut. You look a lot better than the art historian. What did you do to him, girl?

DAVE
She got the royal treatment and I got a job... temporarily, anyway.

Dave opens the refrigerator, grabs a beer and pops the top.

BARRY
Awesome. Doing what? Volunteering to go through a meat grinder?

DAVE
Walking dogs.

BARRY
Ha. That's a good one. Like you're qualified for that.

DAVE

Hey, my dissertation was on "The Pitter Patter of Little Feet - Dogs in British - Arf, Arf - Art".

BARRY

And what's with your shirt?

DAVE

The owner of the kennel had a run in with a weima-mamer, uh, weima-ama... whatever... a big silvery dog took a bite out of her hand. My shirt was the bandage.

Dave collapses on sofa with beer in hand.

Java approaches Dave with a tug toy begging to play.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - NEXT DAY

Raul hands Dave BEATRICE's leash. The Golden Retriever licks Dave's cleanly shaven face.

RAUL

This is Beatrice. Very sweet but a bit lazy. Let her know who's boss.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Beatrice lies on the ground, refusing to move.

DAVE

OK, Beatrice. We've rested long enough. Time to get a move on.

Dave pulls the leash but Beatrice refuses to budge.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Come on girl. Up and at 'em. It's time to go.

He tries lifting her from behind, but she plops down as soon as he lets go.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Beatrice! Really. How about a little help? You cooperate and I'll give you a treat when we get back.

He lifts up her front shoulders but she assumes a sitting position then lies down.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Dave dodges people on the sidewalk carrying Beatrice. He is struggling.

EXT. SIDE WALK - NEXT DAY

Dave walks Leo.

DAVE

OK Leo, Give me the scoop on your owner. Is she seeing anyone?

At a street crossing, waiting for the walk signal, Leo lifts his leg and pees on Dave's right shoe.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Ah ha! Dog Tinder. Peeing on the right means she likes me. Thanks, Leo.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - DAY

Dave stands in laundry area. A load of towels is in the washing machine. He drinks a cup of coffee and sketches a drawing of Jessica. Raul walks in. Dave concentrating, doesn't notice, as Raul peers over his shoulder. When Dave is aware of Raul, he snaps his sketchbook shut.

RAUL

Can I take a peek?

DAVE

Just a bunch of flowers.

RAUL

Right. Flowers are nice to draw. Colorful. But, you know, they're not as much fun, as, say a woman with just the right cheekbones and a beauty mark right here.

Dave smiles and opens the sketchbook. Raul nods his approval.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - DAY

Dave has just returned with Bernard on a leash. He hands it to Raul who takes the dog to the back.

JESSICA

(hanging up phone with bandaged hand)

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Dave, I need you to pick up a new dog, a Japanese Chin. Her name is Tama and the owner sounds completely nuts about her. I'd say he's an over protective parent, but, hey, that's what makes our business go. He just left for Venice.

DAVE

Sure.

JESSICA

220 Central Park South.

(hands paper to Dave)

The concierge at the front desk will give you the code to get in.

DAVE

Wow! 220? Nice digs.

JESSICA

No selfies. This is business. And he's paying extra, so, you know... full royalty treatment for little Tama.

Dave gives a thumbs up and leaves.

EXT. 220 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - ENTRANCE - DAY

Dave approaches entrance.

INT. 220 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - FRONT DESK - DAY

Dave approaches the CONCIERGE (30s), seated at desk.

DAVE

I'm with Pedigree Dog Resort. I'm here to pick up a dog at the penthouse.

CONCIERGE

Yes. Here's the code.

(hands envelope)

But you probably won't need it. The cleaning ladies are up there right now.

EXT. WINTHROP PENTHOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

The door of the apartment is open and CLEANING WOMAN 1 (40s), is mopping the entrance floor. Outside the door, CLEANING WOMAN 2 (40s), holds the leashed TAMA, a black and white Japanese Chin.

Dave approaches.

DAVE
I'm here for the dog.
(points at Tama)

Cleaning Woman 2 hands Tama to Dave.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, GAPSTOW BRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Dave walks Tama back when THIEF (adult), wearing a Vendetta mask and Guy Fawkes costume knocks Dave to the ground using a short club. The Thief grabs the leash and flees with the Japanese Chin, leaving Dave dazed.

DAVE
(sits up holding his bleeding
head, screaming)
Hey... Hey!

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - LATE AFTERNOON

Dave staggers into the kennel with a bloody forehead. Everyone runs over to him.

DAVE
She's gone! The dog's gone. It's
not my fault. Honestly.

JESSICA
Dave! Do we need to take you to the
ER?

DAVE
No. Damn.

Jessica leads Dave to the plastic covered couch in the lobby. He sits down.

JESSICA
Get some tissues for his head!

A young woman dog walker, BETH (20s), hands Jessica paper towels. Raul hands her a glass of water and Jessica dips the towel into it and dabs at Dave's forehead.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

So what happened?

DAVE

I was walking, uh, Tama, back here and someone came up behind and clubbed me. They grabbed the leash and ran off.

JESSICA

Did you see who it was? Could you recognize him?

DAVE

I don't know if it was a man or a woman. It looked like one of those Comic-Con people wearing a Vendetta mask.

BETH

(holding cell phone)
I'll call the police.

JESSICA

Stop! No! If word gets out that we lost a client's dog, we're toast.

Raul

I see it now on the front page of "The Times"... Elite Kennel Loses Pedigree.

Jessica give Raul a hard look.

DAVE

Why would someone steal a dog?

JESSICA

Without papers, the dog's worthless.

(she dabs at Dave's forehead)
Well, maybe on the street you could get a couple hundred dollars. But it's not worth it. Whoever took her is probably in the park. Raul, cover the western side near the lake.

Raul heads to front door.

DAVE

Wait a minute. There are too many dogs in the Big Apple!

JESSICA

Dave, can you describe-

DAVE

Tama. No, I didn't really spend much time with her. The cleaning woman handed her off and I started walking her back. She's a Japanese Chin. The black and white kind.

RAUL

Well, Dave does have a point. The odds of finding her in the park are pretty slim.

JESSICA

Let's make flyers and offer a reward. One thousand bucks.

RAUL

Without a photo, who knows what people would bring in?

JESSICA

Well maybe the owner has a photo. Raul, let's check out Mr. Winthrop's penthouse. Dave, you have the entry code.

Dave fumbles around in his pocket for the code.

DAVE

Winthrop? Are you talking about Alexander Winthrop, the hedge fund investor? It was HIS apartment?
(stands up quickly, then remembers his head wound)

JESSICA

I don't know how he makes his money, but he certainly must have a lot to live in the most exclusive real estate in New York.

DAVE

Winthrop is a huge art collector. I'd kill to see his private paintings. Shit. I should have gone in when I had the chance. He's really big on early French Impressionists.

JESSICA

This isn't about French
Impressionists. It's about Tama.
Raul, go with me, please.

She walks behind the reception desk and grabs her fashion fanny pack.

RAUL

Uh, I've got things to do here.
Besides, Dave has the code.

Raul gives Dave a wink. Dave, smiling, holds up the paper with the code. Jessica leaves and Dave is right behind her.

INT. 220 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

Jessica and Dave pass the concierge sitting at a desk who gives them a suspicious look.

INT. WINTHROP PENTHOUSE - EVENING

Jessica and Dave close the door. They stand looking at a very plush penthouse. Many paintings adorn the walls. Dave immediately goes up to a large painting and stands before it.

DAVE

Look at that. A Mary Cassatt.
Unbelievable.

JESSICA

Could you focus on why we're here?
Tama? Remember?

She picks up framed photos from tables, looks at them and quickly replaces them. Dave walks around looking at paintings. He stops in front of a small painting.

DAVE

A Degas. Look at the brush work.

JESSICA

How about helping out?

DAVE

OK. OK. But you can clearly see how
he used pastels over the oil paint.
Revolutionary.

Dave walks over to Jessica.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You're really missing out not
looking.

She flips through a photo album.

JESSICA
If I don't get that dog back, my
business will take a hit. You don't
mess with rich folks... Let's check
his office.

They enter the office, picking up papers and replacing them.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
There's nothing here. Let's go.

Dave sees a Metropolitan Museum flyer on Winthrop's desk. He
picks it up and reads out loud.

DAVE
"Édouard Manet, Revisited- a
Retrospective September 3 through
December 24". Manet! Of course. The
dog's name is Tama. I can show you
what the dog looks like
(pulls out cell phone)
It's at the National Gallery in DC.

Jessica comes over and looks at his phone.

INSERT: Picture of Manet's "Tama" painting

Dave and Jessica standing together.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Manet painted the dog in 1875. God,
I should have thought of that when
you called the dog Tama.

JESSICA
It wouldn't have occurred to me.
But we can use that picture for
flyers.

MONTAGE

- Jessica and Dave printing flyers at Pedigree. The glass
kennel door reveals late afternoon outside.

- Jessica and Dave, within sight of each other, handing
flyers to people walking in Central Park. Some have dogs on
leashes.

MONTAGE: (CONTINUES)

- Jessica and Dave rest on a park bench.

- Jessica hands a flyer to a passerby, while Dave chats with a person walking their dog. He points to the flyer. The dog walker shrugs their shoulders. The sun is setting.

- Jessica and Dave walking empty-handed in Central Park. It is now evening. They are on the Mall under the lamp lights.

EXT. EAST SEVENTY-THIRD STREET - EVENING

DAVE

Look, it's late. We're both exhausted and I'm starving. I bet I could find that dog right away with some pasta in my stomach. Any place nearby that's not too expensive?

JESSICA

Everything is expensive around here. But we'll call this a working dinner for Pedigree... as long as we talk about the dog and not the paintings.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Jessica, eating with her bandaged hand, sits across from Dave, sketching on a napkin.

JESSICA

Could you please stop doodling?

DAVE

I'm not doodling. I'm sketching. There's a difference.

JESSICA

Well, it's annoying. Especially when we have a missing dog. Tama's probably pitching a fit right now... in the hands of a... a wicked thief! And you sit there thinking about paintings from... from 1875!

DAVE

Hold still for a second. Your left cheekbone has an interesting angle, especially when the light catches it just so.

He continues to sketch her face. She's annoyed.

JESSICA

It's got to be ransom. Dave... Dave! Winthrop sounded nuts about that dog and I'm sure writing a check would be no problem. And I-

DAVE

You didn't even look at the art in Winthrop's penthouse.

JESSICA

I have more important things on my mind, remember... find a dog.

DAVE

Yeah, but I mean, you were standing beside millions of dollars worth of important works. Some of those pieces I've never even seen in the art books.

JESSICA

I prefer rich peoples' dogs to rich people's paintings. A Cavalier King Charles is the best lap dog in the world. She'll keep you warm. She'll say "hello". When did a painting ever do that?

DAVE

And you think people going all ga-ga over a \$6,000 French Bulldog is better? Spending big bucks for heart surgery for a dog? At least the painting will still be there and give pleasure when Bozo has gone to doggie heaven.

(Dave holds his pencil up as if taking a measurement of Jessica's face)

Turn a little to the left, please.

JESSICA

Can we not talk about doggie heaven?

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I just don't get people paying so much money for something that hangs on the wall.

(beat)

The thief was wearing a mask. Maybe it was one of those Comic-Con people. Anyway, it's got to be about money.

DAVE

For a few 100 bucks and the risk of jail for assaulting me?

JESSICA

You have a better explanation?

DAVE

Someone has a vendetta against Winthrop. Maybe someone who lost out to him at a recent art auction, perhaps.

JESSICA

Oh come on. That's ridiculous.

DAVE

Some of these art patrons are pretty weird. The rich ones are all about power. If you had any appreciation for paintings, you would get it.

(beat)

But obviously you don't.

JESSICA

All I know is that I have to find a particular Japanese Chin, who belongs to a particularly rich customer and you, an art historian, are no help at all.

DAVE

Oh, oh. There's the perfect angle. Hold it. Don't move!

He sketches madly with one hand, holding out his other hand to hold her chin.

JESSICA

Oh! Stop drawing me.

(standing)

And, and... go stick your head in an art book.

He hands her the sketch. She grabs it and walks off, huffing. WAITRESS (20s), comes over and hands him the check. He scrounges for his credit card.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - OFFICE - DAY

Jessica removes bandage from hand. Raul stands beside her desk. The atmosphere is a little tense.

JESSICA

Ransom. That's the only thing that makes sense.

RAUL

(looks at flyer)

It is a beautiful painting. Look at-

JESSICA

Why is everybody talking about paintings instead of a lost dog?

Dave enters holding laptop.

DAVE

Good morning. Good morning.
Detective Dave is hot on this dog-gone case!

JESSICA

I hope you left your charcoal pencil and sketch pad at home.

Dave smiles.

DAVE

OK, here we go.
(holds up sheet of paper)
I have a list of all of the art auctions in town for the past year or two and who made bids at each.

Raul

How'd you do that?

DAVE

I have connections. Those computer students do come in handy sometimes.

(beat)

My friend Barry did me a favor.

JESSICA

And what good is that, Dave.
Really?

DAVE

Well, to find out who competed
against Winthrop.

JESSICA

Seems like a wild goose chase. And
what about the people who didn't
bid? They could hold a grudge too.

DAVE

I'll have Barry narrow the search.
People do like to brag about
attending, especially when there's
something expensive at stake. Give
me a minute.

Dave pulls out his cell phone and calls Barry.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Barry, can you search social media
for New York auctions? Yeah, and
just French Impressionist ones. Oh,
and limit it to folks who attended
75 percent of the time. Thanks,
buddy.

Dave hangs up and starts for the door.

DAVE (CONT'D)

We'll find that dog; I'm sure of
it!

Dave exits.

RAUL

I thought this dude was just
temporary. It feels like he moved
in.

Jessica appreciatively watches Dave leave.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEXT DAY

Dave sits on a park bench with Jessica's dog, Leo.

DAVE

So Leo, do you ever feel like
you're just spinning your wheels...
uh, paws?

Leo looks at Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I mean, here I am, an educated man and the best I can do is give you a walk around the park. No offense, Leo. I like you. I think of you when we're apart. But there must be more I could be doing with my life. Do you ever feel that way? Like what are your aspirations? Yeah? You want more education... obedience school?

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - MASSAGE ROOM - EVENING

Grace stares at SADIE, a Pomeranian, relaxing on the massage table as Jessica rubs Sadie's upper back.

GRACE

So what's he like?

JESSICA

He's cute and he's been really helpful. Well... sort of. Here I am trying to find Tama and he's going on about Victorian paintings! He's convinced he can find that dog through French Impressionist art shows! Go figure! And he's always doodling. And half the time, it's my face! It makes me nervous.

GRACE

I wish a man would draw me.

JESSICA

He doesn't need to draw you, he just needs to put up with your costume requests.

Jessica encourages Grace to massage Sadie.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Around the neck. She really likes it right here.

Grace massages the dog.

GRACE

(smiling)

Wayne looks so cute in his Olaf costume.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

But he doesn't like the orange nose too much or the big front teeth.

JESSICA

You ask a lot of a man. Anyway, I've got a missing dog and I don't know what I'm going to do when Winthrop returns. He'll probably sue and I can't afford a lawyer. We're just covering the rent.

GRACE

Maybe he'll understand.

JESSICA

Rich people don't understand. They get even.

Jessica tries to rouse Sadie.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Sadie, get up, honey.

Sadie is asleep.

INT. FLOOR IN A NONDESCRIPT ROOM - EVENING

A dog bowl with water rests on the floor. Two hands place a bowl of food down and Tama approaches and begins to eat.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - DAY

Barry, Dave, and Jessica sit in Jessica's office.

BARRY

I ran all of the filters. Here is a list of people who frequented French Impressionist auctions, excluding brokers for rich people and any one percenters. I can't imagine Bill Gates stealing a dog.

Barry hands piece of paper to Dave.

DAVE

Richard Sparks, Hans Kramer, Joseph Martin, Lydia Swanson. Where do we go from here?

BARRY

I'm just a computer geek. I don't know how to find a dog from a list of people.

DAVE

There must be money involved.

JESSICA

That's why I keep thinking ransom.

DAVE

Barry, can you dig into these people's backgrounds?

BARRY

This is becoming a full time job. I do have to teach, you know.

Grace knocks on the office door and enters.

GRACE

Hi Jessica.

JESSICA

Grace, what are you doing here?

GRACE

I'm taking you to lunch.
(feigning ignorance)
Oh, you have visitors! Which one of you has a shirt with one sleeve?

Grace points at Barry.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I'm guessing this one.

Barry shakes his head no.

BARRY

No. But I can manage that pretty quickly.
(feigns tearing shirt)

GRACE

That's quite all right, uh-

BARRY

Barry Stein.
(shaking hands with Grace)
And this is Dave.

GRACE

(shaking Dave's hand)
Grace.

JESSICA

Dave's saving that shirt for the next time. It's still got another sleeve.

DAVE

We'll avoid Weimaraners in the future.

JESSICA

Royalty used to breed them to hunt bears. No bears in Central park so they have to go after humans. Anyway, Grace, let's go hunting for lunch.

Jessica grabs her purse and Grace's arm and the two depart towards the lobby door. Dave and Barry follow them out. Grace waves and Dave and Barry wave back.

BARRY

Grace is cute. I wonder if she's attached.

DAVE

I don't know how you get any work done when you are always on the prowl.

BARRY

You're looking for people who attend auctions; I'm looking for a woman who puts up with a sloppy computer nerd.

DAVE

Anyway, we have four suspects, assuming my hypothesis is correct. Can we find photos of these people?

BARRY

If you find one good photo you can feed the parameters into facial recognition software. You know, bone structure, eye color, hair color and texture. But to run such a lot of variables, I'd have to use the school's super computer. You know how that works. Everyone's trying to get access so it could take a couple of days.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Barry looking through photos on computer monitor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Dave and Barry sit at a table looking at Barry's computer.

BARRY

Dave. I ran through those photos.
Two of the people came up kind of
strange.

DAVE

What do you mean?

INSERT: Computer Monitor with Photo of Lydia Swanson

BARRY (V.O.)

So this is Lydia Swanson. As you
recall, she came up at a lot at
shows. Seems to be a wealthy
heiress who dabbles in art sales.
Has her own gallery. Here she is at
the Lawrence Gallery opening.

Barry scrolls through photos at different shows.

BARRY

But what's odd is this photo.

INSERT: Monitor with Photo of Younger Lydia with Different
Haircut

BARRY (V.O.)

This is a college yearbook. When I
ran the facial recognition
software, I got this. The computer
thinks they are the same person and
she does look like a younger
version of Lydia. But her name is
Naomi Woods and she's from Ohio.
Lydia is from London.

DAVE

So what are you driving at?

BARRY

Well it's possible Lydia Swanson has a doppelgänger named Naomi Woods. But I took Naomi's photo and superimposed it onto Lydia's.

INSERT: Face Photos on Monitor Are Rotated Forward and Superimposed on Top of Each Other. They Line Up.

BARRY (V.O.)

It's just too perfect. Even the mole on the left cheek overlays.

BARRY

Naomi Woods majored in fine art. After college she just disappeared. No mention of her anywhere on social media. No address, no phone numbers or e-mails. Zilch.

DAVE

So you think Naomi is Lydia Swanson?

BARRY

I don't think it. I know it. And this other guy... Hans Kramer.

INSERT: Monitor Shows Photo of Hans Kramer

BARRY (V.O.)

He's got money. He's from Hamburg. His photos identify him as Hans, but just a few years ago he was flipping burgers and washing dishes in a low class restaurant. His Facebook bio says he's from a wealthy family... old money. Why would he be washing dishes?

DAVE

So you think he's a phony also?

BARRY

I think both people aren't who or what they put on to be. And they use the art world for their own devices. Maybe they get money or prestige. Anyway, that's your job. I'm just a dumb computer geek, remember.

DAVE

Right.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - DAY

Raul at front desk picks up ringing phone.

RAUL

Pedigree Resort.

(Covers mouthpiece with hand and motions Jessica over, mouthing *Winthrop*)

Mr. Winthrop. How are you? Yes, yes Tama is doing very well. She's so cute! Jessica will fill you in.

Jessica takes phone.

JESSICA

Mr. Winthrop... No, I've never visited but always wanted to... Oh, she's such a sweet dog. Loves those sweet potato treats... Live cam? Ah, unfortunately you called right after Sharon took her out for a walk... Yes, sure, we can do that. Our pleasure... OK, bye.
(hangs up phone)

Jessica puts down phone.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Shit. He wants a video of Tama. Who do we know with a Japanese Chin?

RAUL

Ms. Johnson has Samuel.

(beat)

Oh, wait. He's a tricolor Chin... Gigi. Ms. Garrett's. She's like Tama... black and white.

JESSICA

Call her. Tell her we're doing a promotion today. We're giving a free walk and grooming. We need that dog el pronto.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

Dave has GIGI, a Japanese Chin, while Raul takes a phone video.

DAVE

I hope she looks like Tama. Come here, Gigi. Here, girl.

RAUL

Run in circles. Keep her moving fast. We don't want him to get a good look.

Dave starts running with Gigi.

RAUL (CONT'D)

It looks too good. I'll put it on sepia. We'll tell Winthrop there was something wrong with the camera.

Dave runs in circles. Then stops and keeping Gigi's face away from the video, pets her.

DAVE

Good girl, Gigi. My little Gigi. I mean Tama. Damn.

Raul stops video.

RAUL

Take two.

DAVE

Here, Gi... Tama. Tama, girl, yes. We had a good workout didn't we?

RAUL

OK, now start walking away and we'll get a back shot.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - LATE AFTERNOON

Raul and Dave are sitting in front of computer.

RAUL

That should do it. Our own little version of "Catch Me If You Can".

(hits send)

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - DOGA YOGA ROOM - EVENING

Several men and women with their dogs are on yoga mats throughout the studio, stretching, etc. Chandar, at the front with Sadie, the Pomeranian, leads the class. Jessica sits on a mat with Leo.

Grace enters crying, carrying her white dog, PUMPKIN, a Lab/Westie mix and forces others to move so that she can sit next to Jessica. She rolls out a mat for her and Pumpkin. It is quiet except for Grace's occasional sobs.

CHANDAR

Inner dog mudra. Rest your head on your pet's forehead. Breathe deeply. Connect the energy of your minds.

Participants sit and touch head to head with their dogs, some dogs paying more attention to other dogs and people.

GRACE

(sob)

He seemed so honest. And he was warming up to Olaf's teeth and nose. I'll never find someone to wear that costume again.

JESSICA

Grace, I'm so sorry.

(hugs Grace in between putting forehead on Leo)

Grace tries to put her forehead on Pumpkin, but becomes upset.

GRACE

Then I got a phone call from his wife.

(yelling)

His *wife*?

Chandar looks up and gives a disapproving look at Grace.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You're married, Wayne? Really? She found my number on his cell. I've never been so embarrassed. He never said he was married.

CHANDAR

Wheelbarrow. Gently, gently, lift the back legs.

Participants lift the back legs of their dogs.

JESSICA

People can put anything on Tinder. Don't be so hard on yourself. It's not your fault.

(struggling with Leo who drools on the mat)

Leo!

(wiping it up)

GRACE

How was I to know he lied? He probably preys on lots of women. Plays real sweet and understanding and then sleeps with them.

(Pumpkin sniffs Leo's butt)
Pumpkin!

CHANDAR

Savasana. Put your dog on their back and rub their belly. Maintain eye contact. Bond. Bond deeply with the most important animal in your life.

Pumpkin rolls off the mat.

GRACE

Pumpkin!

(failing to reposition the dog)
I should have known when he wanted to be Darth Vader. Geeze. That was the big clue.

JESSICA

Maybe it's time to try the old fashion approach. You know, meet someone without using social media.

GRACE

Wayne. What a jerk.

CHANDAR

Breathe in. Breathe out. Om.

Grace, unable to relax and frustrated, picks up her mat and collects her things. She exits the yoga class with Pumpkin.

JESSICA

(staring into Leo's eyes)
Look at me and tell me Wayne's not a bastard, Leo. Om. There's not a decent man out there. They only want one thing. And they're not getting it from me. Maybe we'd all be better off if we were fixed like you. Do you miss it? You look happy. Om.

Jessica rolls up her mat and catches Grace in the lobby before she leaves.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - LOBBY - EVENING

JESSICA

Oh, Grace. What did you think of Barry? He seems like a nice guy. And he's got to be smart. I'll ask Dave if he's seeing anyone.

GRACE

Wah! I loved him.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Dave, Jessica, Barry, and Grace are having a picnic in Central Park. Dave sketches.

BARRY

So they told me, if I took the job, I'd only have to teach two classes. I thought to myself, sounds pretty cushy. They didn't tell me they were the biggest classes at the college... 350 students. Try reading through 350 computer programs. Even with two TAs, I'm swamped.

DAVE

That was never a problem for me. I was lucky if I got 40 students a semester. This past year, I had a lecture with six students.

BARRY

Jessica, how did you get into the bow-wow business?

JESSICA

An ex-boyfriend left me with Leo. And Leo introduced me to the dogs of the rich and famous. I took him to the park and he led the way into my business. He only sniffs pure bred butts.

DAVE

He seems to have a nose for business.

Collective groan.

DISSOLVE FADE:

The couples depart the park, carrying picnic baskets and blankets. Barry and Grace, side by side, laugh and enjoy each other. Jessica and Dave walk behind them, side by side.

JESSICA

They seem to be hitting it off.

DAVE

Yeah. They make a nice couple.

BARRY

Grace, that's a very attractive necklace you're wearing. It reminds me of those pearls in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*.

GRACE

Why, yes. That's exactly what it is. I made it. How did you know?

BARRY

I'm an Audrey Hepburn fan.

Dave's eyes light up.

DAVE

(to himself)

"Breakfast at Tiffany's", of course.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT, DAVE'S ROOM - EVENING

Dave sits in front of computer.

INSERT: Photos of Lydia Swanson's Jewelry and of Paintings

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - PLAY AREA - DAY

Jessica is training LUNA, a rambunctious tricolored Border Collie who wants to herd. Dave watches impatiently from the door and then enters.

JESSICA

Heel. Luna. Heel.

(she and Luna begin walking)

DAVE

I've got to show you something absolutely incredible. Look at this photo of Lydia.

(walks in step with Jessica and thrusts his phone in front of her face)

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

It hit me last night when I saw
Grace's necklace.

JESSICA

Heel. Luna. Heel.

Luna jumps.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Stop.

She and Luna stop. Dave lowers his outstretched phone.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'm talking to Luna. Heel Luna!
(begins walking Luna; to Dave)
Now what in the world is so
important?

DAVE

(stepping up his pace with
Jessica)
I scanned the photos of Lydia that
Barry scraped from the web. And
guess what?

JESSICA

What?
(stops walking)
Luna, stop.
(looks at Dave, then starts
walking)
Luna. Heel. Good dog.

DAVE

(synchronizing his pace with
Jessica)
When she goes to an opening, she is
really decked out.

JESSICA

(stops and looks at him)
Dave, that's hardly earth
shattering news. Luna, no. OK.
We're done for today. Good job.

Jessica unleashes Luna who gets the zoomies and runs around
the room.

DAVE

Oh, but it is. It definitely is.
(shows phone)

INSERT: Photos of Lydia

DAVE (V.O.)

Apparently she dresses to mimic the artwork. So I focused on her jewelry.

INSERT: Delacroix's "Cleopatra and the Peasant"

DAVE

She's wearing the same necklace as Delacroix's "Cleopatra and the Peasant".

JESSICA

(looking at photo)
So?

DAVE

I put money down she will show up at the Manet show with Tama. Painting with dog. In the flesh. That would make quite a splash.

JESSICA

Just because she likes to appear elegant with some costume jewelry doesn't make her a thief.

DAVE

Lydia is masquerading as a well-to-do heiress who sells art. She's a con.

JESSICA

And what if Barry is wrong about the photo of Naomi Woods matching Lydia? Prove that she's not what she says she is. You're such a good detective, Dave. Check out her gallery. Let's go Luna.

She clips Luna's leash and leads her out.

EXT. SIDEWALK ACROSS FROM SWANSON GALLERY - DAY

Raul walking Itsy. He sees LYDIA SWANSON (30s), brunette with elegant single French braid, walking towards gallery entrance. She goes inside. He continues walking.

EXT. SIDEWALK ACROSS FROM SWANSON GALLERY - DAY

Dave walks Leo. Passes gallery.

EXT. SIDEWALK ACROSS FROM SWANSON GALLERY - DAY

Raul walks Bernard past gallery. He looks in and sees Lydia tape a poster on the window. When she finishes, she goes further into the gallery. Raul reads the poster.

INSERT: Poster (with Image of Rossetti's "A Christmas Carol")-
"New Art Opening: Dante Gabriel Rossetti; a Retrospective of
His Femme-fatales. The Guggenheim July 1 Through September
15"

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Raul and Dave are walking Gretchen and Leo.

RAUL

She posted the announcement so she's sure to go. It's a Rossetti show opening at the Guggenheim.

DAVE

Awesome. And I bet she plays dress up again. Rossetti was a Pre-Raphaelite who liked to paint femme-fatales. This I've got to see.

RAUL

You need to play a little dress up yourself. A rich buyer of art wouldn't go looking like that.

INT. THRIFT STORE - DAY

Raul and Dave look at clothing. Raul is clearly in heaven and educating Dave about how to dress.

RAUL

Grace clued me in on the best thrift stores. Of course, she's going for a totally different look.

DAVE

You're sure this is going to work, Raul? There's an awful lot of garbage here. I'm no designer dude myself, obviously, but, uh-

RAUL

Hey, man, it's just like dating. You have to go through a lot of bad stuff to get to the good stuff. Look for labels, man. Oh my god! Look at the stitching.

(MORE)

RAUL (CONT'D)

(holds up a blazer)

Isn't it glorious? Crazy Kitten label is one of the best. Or Icarus makes great stuff, too. If you bought this at Bergdorf Goodman, you'd have to rob a bank.

DAVE

Even here, my credit card is getting way overloaded.

RAUL

Well, everyone has to play dress up sometimes. It's fun!

Dave puts on the blazer, takes it off and Raul hands him another.

DAVE

For a guy who usually dresses in torn jeans, you sure seem to know your stuff.

Dave puts on the blazer and Raul shakes his head, yes.

RAUL

Dude, when would I have the money for an Icarus jacket? If I walked into the Rendezvous decked out in this, the boys would think I hit the jackpot. I'd be like the, hey can I buy you a drink, sort of guy.

DAVE

Well, after my stint as a rich art buyer, you can have it. It's not my sort of statement. And I don't have any women to buy me drinks.

RAUL

Yeah, Jessica said your wife left you. Sorry.

DAVE

My fault, really.

RAUL

A lot of lonely nights?

Dave shakes his head yes.

DAVE

Sometimes. My art keeps me company.

RAUL

Why don't you join me for drinks
and dancing at the Vous?

DAVE

No offense Raul, but I'm totally
straight.

RAUL

No big deal. Nothing wrong with a
bromosexual friendship. The
Rendezvous is a fun place. Maybe if
you got out more, you'd be a little
less uptight. I'll protect you from
all those fawning boys.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Dave and Raul walk down the street. Dave carries a clothes
hanger with a blazer and pants.

INT. RENDEZVOUS BAR - NIGHT

Men dance to music. A few women are also in the crowd. Raul
and Dave sit at the bar. Raul's friend, JAMES (20s), comes
up.

JAMES

Is this your iron closet friend
from work, Raul?

Raul laughs, while Dave looks confused.

RAUL

Let me translate. He thinks you
haven't come out yet. James, you're
such a twink. Dave's hot for the
female boss.

DAVE

Now hold it. I never said that.
Just because I-

RAUL

Dave, it's cool. A gay man can pick
up on that sort of thing. She's an
attractive woman.

JAMES

You should let her know. I believe
in being direct. If you get
rejected, no big deal.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

I don't have enough fingers to count all of my rejections. Hey, want to dance?

Dave looks surprised and hesitant, almost pleadingly at Raul.

RAUL

Take him out, James. He needs loosening up.

JAMES

Come on big boy, I don't bite.

James grabs Dave and pushes him out onto the packed dance floor. Dave is pretty clumsy at first but James is energetic and Dave laughs.

A couple of other men break in and dance with Dave. The dance floor becomes so packed that all you can see of Dave is his head bobbing up and down with the pack.

After the song ends, Dave tries to return to Raul. But another song begins and before he can get out of the pack, he is drawn back in. This happens several times before he eventually breaks free. He returns to Raul, his hair matted with sweat.

DAVE

That was wild.

RAUL

The boys can get a bit rambunctious. But you were rockin', man!

DAVE

I was. I haven't danced in quite awhile. Do you want a beer?

RAUL

Sure.

Dave motions to the bartender and points to the empty beer mugs. The bartender brings two beers.

DAVE

So what's the scoop on Jessica?

RAUL

Oh, so my observations were right on!

(high five to Dave)

DAVE

Well, OK, I'm sort of, uh, interested. Does she have a boyfriend?

RAUL

No. Got burned by Neal. They were living together and he was fooling around. But Jessica's tough. She told me, of course. But is she interested in a relationship now? I don't know.

DAVE

I asked Leo and he said she's interested. In his own way, of course.

RAUL

You find Tama and she'll be indebted to you. The fastest way to a woman's heart is through a stolen dog.

They both laugh.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - LOBBY - DAY

Dave, dressed in very fashionable clothing--smart sports jacket with handkerchief in pocket, well tailored slacks, fancy socks, and good leather shoes--turns around so Jessica can see. Raul stands beside him.

JESSICA

It's refreshing to see you looking so refined instead of... I can't come up with the word.

RAUL

Dorky. We took him to a high-end thrift store... per Graces' recommendation.

JESSICA

(laughing)

I'm surprised you didn't come in dressed as a Stormtrooper.

Raul and Jessica laugh.

DAVE

If I'm going to visit Ms. Swanson, I need to look the part.

(snooty accent)

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

"Fifty thousand? No problem."

(points to attire)

This should lead us straight to Tama.

RAUL

Dude, you can't go as yourself. She'll google you and see you're a chump right off the bat. You need a social media makeover and a new name.

DAVE

I wouldn't know where to start and Barry... well, maybe he's good for one more-

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - SAME DAY

Dave, in his new clothes, sits on a park bench with Leo facing him.

DAVE

So Leo, I realize being a college professor doesn't carry the cachet of say, a judge or senator. But there was a time when women were impressed with that. I'm sure you're a bon vivant with the ladies. With a mug like that, you're awfully hard to resist. Definitely not a dork.

Dave gets up and as he starts to walk away with Leo, trips over the leash and falls on his face.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Dave and Barry are in the kitchen washing and drying dishes.

BARRY

You want me to make a fraudulent website and Facebook page?

DAVE

Well, if you don't know how to do it-

BARRY

Of course I know how to do it. But it's really sleazy... And it could get you or me banned from Facebook. And what if the college...

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

or my students find out that I'm involved in creating illicit websites?

DAVE

The CIA made a fake movie company to get those Americans out of Iran.

BARRY

This is hardly on the level of international espionage. We're talking about a dog.

DAVE

Barry, please. It's not just a dog. It's Tama. I don't want to disappoint Jessica. OK, I admit it. I like her and I'd hate to see her business go down because I lost Winthrop's dog.

Barry throws down the dish towel and goes to his computer.

BARRY

OK. OK. What's the name?

DAVE

What do you mean?

BARRY

What's your fake name?

DAVE

Uh. Let's see. Uh. Dave... Whitaker. David Chesterfield Whitaker. How's that?

Barry types on the keyboard then stops.

BARRY

By the way, David Chesterfield Whitaker, if you like this woman, why don't you tell her?

DAVE

With words? Those things get me in trouble. I'm more of a visual guy.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - JESSICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jessica sits in her office on the phone. Dave taps on the glass. She motions that she's on the phone.

He waits until she puts the receiver down. Nervously, he enters with a painting carrying case behind his back.

DAVE

I've got a surprise for you. You're gonna' love it. Maybe. Maybe not.

JESSICA

OK?

DAVE

Close your eyes.

She closes her eyes. He unzips the case, removes the painting and hangs a cloth over it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Not yet. Not yet. OK. Ta da.

As he says, "ta da", he pulls the drape part way off to reveal a painting of Leo on his back, relaxed.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I got him right after doga yoga.

JESSICA

Dave. It's beautiful. Leo, look at you.

(she affectionately looks at Leo on floor)

And you got every little Leo wrinkle. But what's the rest of the painting?

She starts to pull back the drape.

DAVE

No, no. That's the best part. This is a picture of a woman I care... I mean, you know, Jessica, I-

There is an awkward silence as Dave searches for words. Jessica's phone rings and she looks at the caller name.

JESSICA

Oh, I'm sorry. I really need to take this call. It's Mrs. Van Doren and she...

(to Van Doren)

Hello... yes.

She waves thanks to Dave and continues to talk on phone. As Dave stands there, Jessica, pulls back the drape to reveal herself in the painting. Still talking, she smiles at Dave, who smiles back.

INT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - EXHIBIT OPENING - EVENING

Guests stand looking at Rossetti paintings. Some hold wine glasses. Lydia Swanson, aka Naomi Woods, is dressed in a stunning gown like the one in the painting, "A Christmas Carol". She sits on a bench in front of the painting with a lute. She speaks with a British accent. Dave, dressed up, is across the room. He moseys over to ART PATRON (60s).

DAVE

Excuse me. Uh.

(looking at the painting)

You know Rossetti portrayed his new lover Fanny Cornforth as the epitome of physical eroticism. Uh... By the way, what's the story with that woman over there in the beautiful gown?

ART PATRON

Lydia Swanson.

DAVE

The museum pays her to add some entertainment... a glitz factor?

ART PATRON

She's a dealer. I see her a lot at these openings. Always wears something that matches a painting. Not a bad form of advertising, if you ask me.

DAVE

Yeah, very clever. Thanks.

Dave works his way to Lydia's side as she examines the painting.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Whenever I see this painting, I'm struck with how exotic the gown is. And yours... exquisite. What an incredible coincidence that it's the same hue and style.

LYDIA

It's not an accident, Mr.-

DAVE
Whitaker. David Chesterfield
Whitaker.

He puts out his hand and they shake.

LYDIA
To really appreciate art, one must
inhabit it. As they say, imitation
is the highest form of flattery.

DAVE
Well, you've done a very good job.
Do you dress up for all the
openings?

LYDIA
"Dress up?" Mr. Whitaker. No. I
engage with the art.

DAVE
I see. Well, I'm sure we'll see
each other at the upcoming Manet
show. That's tops on my list. Just
make sure to wear clothes. I'd hate
to see you imitate the nude in
"Luncheon in the Park".

Lydia laughs.

LYDIA
Lydia Swanson of Swanson Gallery.
Are you in the market for
paintings?

DAVE
I'm interested in dog paintings. I
love to see how art imitates life
and what better way than by
representing our little trusted
friends.

LYDIA
In a way, we go full circle. The
art imitates reality and then we
inhabit the art. Come visit my
gallery. I have a number of very
attractive pieces, mostly European.

She reaches into a pocket, retrieves a business card and
hands it to Dave.

EXT. LYDIA SWANSON ART GALLERY - DAY

Dave and Raul sit in a car opposite the Swanson Gallery. Raul, in the driver's seat, watches the entrance through binoculars. Dave, in business clothes, cuts out business cards. Lydia walks to entrance.

RAUL

She's pulling out her cell phone and holding it in front of a keypad. Now she's going inside.

DAVE

OK. Let's hang out awhile and see if she gets any foot traffic.

Raul looks at his watch as a crossfade shows that an hour has passed. People walk along the sidewalk but no one enters the gallery.

RAUL

She doesn't seem to get a whole lot of customers.

DAVE

She doesn't need to. If she sells a couple paintings a month, she's doing well. And if she scores with a really rich patron, she hits the jackpot. Give me a call in about 10 minutes.

RAUL

Mind if I eat while I play art buyer? I've got a veggie mufaletta from Primos.

DAVE

No. Just don't be chewing when you're *at the auction*.

Dave exits the car and walks to the entrance of the gallery. As he enters, a bell rings.

INT. LYDIA SWANSON ART GALLERY - DAY

There is no one in the gallery. At the sound of the door bell, a back door opens and a nicely dressed Lydia Swanson appears and approaches Dave.

LYDIA

Well, hello, Mr. Whitaker.

DAVE
David... please.

LYDIA
Yes. Come in. Come in.
Look around. If you have any
questions, just ask.

Dave goes from painting to painting. Lydia follows him.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
This is a Peter Beckworth from the
1980s. He's a Norwegian artist. Are
you familiar with his work?

Dave shakes his head no.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
As you can see, he's in the somber
mode of so many Scandinavian
artists. Over here is Claudio
Carvalho. A clever Brazilian
artist.

DAVE
Well, these are nice but not really
in the range I'm looking for.

LYDIA
These are originals by top
international artists.

DAVE
Oh, the prices aren't an issue. I'm
actually interested in more
historic works that will increase
in value.

Lydia leads Dave to an antique desk and two upholstered
chairs near the back of the gallery.

LYDIA
Have a seat.

As Dave sits, he looks at a framed photo on her desk.

DAVE
I'm so impressed with your dress
up.

Lydia frowns.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I mean, uh, your art inhabiting skills. You *inhabit* paintings so absolutely beautifully. It's stunning what you've done. Absolutely stunning.

LYDIA

Thank you.

Dave looks closely at the photo of Lydia.

DAVE

I can't get over how much you resemble her... "The Lady with an Ermine". Where in the world did you find an ermine?

LYDIA

I have no need for precision. It is more like impressionist art. I give the impression of the painting. I had a friend with a ferret. Musky was its name, I believe. The little rascal didn't want to sit still. But we made quite a splash at the National Museum in Krakow.

DAVE

So you use animals sometimes?

LYDIA

When the painting calls for it and one is available. But let's turn to your needs. Why don't you tell me specifically what you are looking for?

DAVE

Well...

(his cell phone rings)

Excuse me.

He pulls out his phone and puts it on speaker. As he holds his phone, Lydia notices that the phone case has a photo of Leo on it.

INT. CAR - DAY

Raul, on his cell phone, trying to swallow a mouthful of veggie mufaletta, while fumbling with the partially eaten sandwich in his hand.

INT. LYDIA SWANSON ART GALLERY - DAY

DAVE

It's my buyer at Christie's.

RAUL (O.S.)

The Gainsbo commup nex rot. How
moosh you wanna bod?

DAVE

Hello! Uh, could you repeat that,
please?

RAUL (O.S.)

Excuse me. The Gainsborough-

DAVE

What about it?

RAUL (O.S.)

Hold on. OK. Mmmm. It comes up in
the next lot. How much do you want
me to bid?

DAVE

Is it the usual crowd?

RAUL (O.S.)

Yeah, stiff competition.

DAVE

Go up to 50, no 60 thousand. That
should corner it for us.

RAUL (O.S.)

OK. Got it. Who-hoo!
(hangs up)

DAVE

Sorry about that. A small
Gainsborough sketch of a Bull
Terrier is coming up and I just
have to have it. My buyer gets very
enthusiastic.

LYDIA

I haven't seen you at auctions
before.

DAVE

Oh, well, I send my buyer usually.
He's very good, as you can hear.

LYDIA

Oh, now I remember. You said that you liked dogs and I see that you have a dog on your phone case.

DAVE

(holding up case)
That's Leo. He's my confidant.
Beautiful face, uh?

LYDIA

Winston would be a better name. He looks like Churchill. So it's dogs you're looking for? Or, rather, dog paintings?

DAVE

Well, anything from Gainsborough to the Impressionists. No cubism, please, or Jackson Pollock. And I like dogs. You can't find a dog in a Rothko.

They both laugh.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Of course, you can't find much of anything in a Rothko. Or... you find everything.

Dave puts his phone away and reaches into his pocket for a card, which he hands her. She takes the card and they stand.

LYDIA

I know a dealer in London who may be able to get her hands on historic dog paintings.

DAVE

Wonderful. I shall await word.

Lydia nods as Dave rises and proceeds to the door. He places his hand on the doorknob, then turns to Lydia.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Can you give me references? People you've sold works to, so I can have the peace of mind that your gallery is, well, you know-

LYDIA

The Kaplans are very good customers. Lacy Bromworth. Hmmm, let me think now.

(MORE)

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Ah, Alexander Winthrop bought a Degas and several Grimshaws.

DAVE

Alexander Winthrop. Now he has a damn nice collection. He and I have a competition going. He outbids me every time.

LYDIA

Yes, he is quite competitive, isn't he? To a fault, I think. We go back a long way. He outbid me several times... once on a stunning Monet.

Lydia looks away for a moment.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

But I prefer not to stew on it, if you know what I mean, Mr. Whitaker.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - POOL - DAY

Raul in the pool with Beatrice, who is paddling away. Raul throws a ball and Beatrice paddles after it. Jessica watches. They get out of the pool as Dave rushes in.

DAVE

Jessica, I've got this Lydia person figured out. She-

JESSICA

Fair warning, Dave. Beatrice will want to-

Beatrice winds up and does a wet dog shake onto Dave. Jessica and Raul laugh.

RAUL

You know the saying: The most affectionate creature in the world is a wet dog.

Dave wipes himself off while Beatrice rubs against Dave.

DAVE

OK, Beatrice.
(pats dog on head)

Beatrice suddenly gets the zoomies and runs around the pool area.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Listen... Lydia knows Winthrop, so surely she's seen his dog. She's stashed Tama somewhere and she's saving her for a dress up performance. I'm sure of it!

RAUL

Yeah. But Barry said there was something fishy about that German guy... what was the name?

DAVE

Kramer. Maybe he works with Lydia.

JESSICA

Got him covered.

DAVE

What?

JESSICA

He belongs to the Manhattan Star Gym. I got a trial membership.

INT. FITNESS CLUB - EVENING

HANS KRAMER (30s), fit, runs on a treadmill, ear buds on, oblivious to everything.

Jessica takes the treadmill beside him, placing her large water bottle in the holder. She makes a big deal of spreading out "Artnews" on her book holder. She walks slowly on the treadmill, occasionally eyeing Hans to see if he is looking. He's not.

She holds the magazine up so he can see it. She drops it but he gives no notice. She picks it up, gets back on the treadmill.

Frustrated, she grabs her water bottle, loosening the top, but fumbles, spilling water all over Hans.

HANS

Shit!

JESSICA

Oh god, I'm sorry!

They both jump off their treadmills. Jessica tries to wipe the water with her hand towel. Hans shakes water off and removes his ear buds.

HANS

And I was just about to get to three miles. Damn!

JESSICA

Sorry to interrupt your workout. I'll get some towels.

She walks over to a paper towel dispenser and returns with a bunch of towels. He looks at her.

HANS

I suppose I could start back up.

Jessica gives him some towels. He blots himself and they wipe the floor. He's about to get back on the treadmill when he notices "Artnews".

HANS (CONT'D)

Oh, I see you're interested in art.

JESSICA

Yes, I was just reading about the 1863 Paris Salon which rejected Manet and Monet. They called them a *gang of lunatics*.

She stares at his face.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Wow. Now that I look at you, I'm sure I've seen you at one of the art auctions.

HANS

I do enjoy going to the auctions, yes. But I've never seen you there and I would have remembered such a beautiful woman. I haven't seen you here before either. Are you new?

JESSICA

I just joined. It's really nice. Much fancier than the Y I used to belong to.

HANS

Have you checked out the Hills and Thrills spin classes? They really push you.

JESSICA

Murder on the hams, that's for sure. Uh, you have an accent. German?

HANS

Yes. Hamburg area. And your accent?

JESSICA

(laughing)
American with a local dog dialect.
Part Chihuahua, part Welsh Corgi.

HANS

Uh?

JESSICA

I speak bow-wow. Pedigree Resort.

Jessica reaches into her gym bag and hands him a card. He looks it over.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

We board, walk, massage, do yoga with dogs with fancy papers.

HANS

I'm not so fond of dogs. When I was a child in Hamburg, our neighbor had a large dog. Well, in my memory it was huge. Captain once jumped up on me and knocked me down.

JESSICA

Oh, I bet the dog liked you. Sometimes they get excited and don't know they are hurting you. Come visit Pedigree. We board some beautiful dogs.

HANS

Uh... I have a better idea. I'm having a party Friday. Would you like to come? There will be some very interesting people there. I'm sure there are dog owners among them.

JESSICA

Oh. Friday? I think I'm free. Sure, sounds like fun.

HANS

Wonderful. Do you have a pen?

Jessica reaches into her gym bag, pulls out a pen and another one of her business cards and hands them to Hans.

HANS (CONT'D)
(writing on card)
Hans Kramer. Here is my address.
It's casual so just a couple of
pegs up from workout clothes.

EXT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

As Barry enters, he meets Dave coming out of the building carrying a large computer monitor and a bag of electronics.

BARRY
What's going on?

DAVE
I'm helping you get on with your
life. You help me. I help you.

BARRY
And you call this help?
(looking at what Dave has)
This is a perfectly good monitor.

DAVE
From prehistoric times.

BARRY
They made them better then. And I
might need it some day. What if one
breaks?

DAVE
You have three more.

Dave sets the monitor and electronics on the curb. They both walk back to the building.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Dave tosses computer/electronic items scattered on the floor into a cardboard box.

DAVE
You need an apartment that a woman
would like to walk into. Would you
want Grace to see this?

BARRY

She has. She was scared. But why can't a woman accept me as I am?

DAVE

She can if she thinks she can change you. But you have to meet her half way.

Dave sorts through electronics.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Let's throw out this... whatever.
(holds up router and tosses in box)
Maybe Tama's in this mess somewhere.

BARRY

Aren't you getting distracted? You're supposed to be looking for a dog instead of decluttering me.

DAVE

I think Lydia has Tama. She comes off very professional. Still, there's something about her that I can't put my finger on. Why would she pretend to be an heiress? And I don't know if she's working with anybody else. If I could get a hold of her e-mails-

BARRY

Why do I think this involves me?

DAVE

Well, I don't know the first thing about hacking someone's e-mail.

Dave holds up a printer cable with a questioning look on his face. Barry points to the box. And Dave drops it in as they talk.

BARRY

And you think I do?

DAVE

Don't you?

BARRY

Of course I do. But I wouldn't do it. It's illegal. A felony charge in New York.

DAVE

Right, Barry, ol' buddy! You are absolutely right!

(beat)

I need Lydia's e-mails.

BARRY

You won't get that out of me. I've already done enough making you that website.

Dave begins to toss a memory card into the box.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Not the memory card.

Barry takes it and puts it in his pocket.

DAVE

Well, how hard would it be for me to do it?

BARRY

The software is out there on the dark web. But doing it is dangerous and stupid.

DAVE

Yeah, I've been known to do some pretty stupid things.

(beat)

Could ya point me in the wrong direction?

BARRY

I've never seen you work so hard for so little pay.

DAVE

Some women are worth it.

EXT. KRAMER HOUSE ON LONG ISLAND - EVENING

Attendees gather around a swimming pool. A couple guests enjoy the pool. A strolling hostess offers guests wine. Hans talks with guests. Jessica quietly opens a glass sliding door near the pool that leads into the house. Hans sees her enter.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jessica looks around. She picks up objects and inspects them. She sees framed photos and studies them. She picks one up.

INSERT: Photo - Younger Hans with a Kitchen Apron on

EXT. KRAMER HOUSE - POOL AREA - EVENING

Hans excuses himself from the person he is talking to and walks towards the sliding door that Jessica entered.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Hans enters the room and Jessica quickly puts the photo down.

JESSICA

Oh, I'm sorry. I was looking for the ladies' room and saw the photos. I'm a bit of a snoop.

HANS

Not at all. That's my family in Hamburg.

He points to the photo she just put down.

HANS (CONT'D)

My student days. I worked in the kitchen of one of my father's restaurants.

JESSICA

Washing dishes?

HANS

He believed in making all of the children work. He rose from humble beginnings and believed that just because we have money, we shouldn't expect a handout. So between studies, I lent a hand in the kitchen. Now, of course, I own a number of restaurants. Let me show you around.

He leads the way and they walk through the house.

JESSICA

You have many beautiful things. I see you like paintings. I have a friend who is crazy about old paintings. He goes on about...

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

let's see... Manet and Rossetti,
and... oh, I can't remember them
all.

HANS

One of my passions. My mother was
an artist in her student days. I
don't have that talent, but I do
like to surround myself with
beautiful things. Let me show you
the view. It is what I like most
about this house.

INT. KRAMER HOUSE - OBSERVATION ROOM - EVENING

They enter a large living room with floor to ceiling glass
windows and a glass sliding door that opens to a deck. They
look out onto a large lawn. Before stepping outside, Jessica
sees a dog leash on an end table. She points to it.

JESSICA

(suspiciously)

Hans. I thought you didn't like
dogs.

Hans quickly takes the leash and puts it inside the end table
drawer.

HANS

Oh. I don't. Uh, my neighbor has a
Belgian Mal... Mal-

JESSICA

Malinois.

Hans opens the door to the balcony and steps out, gesturing
for Jessica to join him. They enjoy the view together.

HANS

Yes. Coco is a very vigorous
animal. I let her out here in the
yard, but insist that she be on a
leash when she comes inside. So I
keep the leash.

He is standing very close to her. They turn, look at each
other and he kisses her.

HANS (CONT'D)

I hope you don't think I am too
bold.

JESSICA

Don't you think your guests are missing you?

HANS

Yes. Yes, of course.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - OFFICE - DAY

Jessica sits at her desk. Raul stands beside her as they go over paperwork. The office door is open and Dave charges in.

DAVE

I hacked Lydia's e-mail. There doesn't seem to be any incriminating information. At least not yet.

RAUL

I'm sure Barry didn't approve of that. He's kind of a straight up sort.

DAVE

No. Did it myself. Just took-

SALLY (20s), a dog walker with a dog on leash raps on the door frame. Behind her is Hans. He enters.

HANS

Ms. Fowler. I hope I am not intruding. I was in the neighborhood and, if I recall, you did invite me to see your dogs.

Jessica gets up with a large grin.

Sally gives Hans a look over, then looks at Jessica and gives her a wink.

JESSICA

Hans, I'd love to show you around. These two guys were just leaving.

She looks at Dave and Raul, who look at each other and they exit, closing the door behind them. Outside the room, Raul turns to Dave.

RAUL

Sharp looking guy. Did you get a load of his shoes? Expensive Italian.

DAVE

Yeah. Very sharp. He probably got them at the same store we went to.

RAUL

Do I catch a twinge of jealousy?

DAVE

Not at all. She just seemed a little too eager to *investigate*.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Dave sitting on park bench with Leo facing him.

DAVE

Did you see how her face lit up when Kramer came into Pedigree? "I hope I'm not intruding". He pretty much swept her off her feet. What do you suggest? If I confront her, she'll think I'm jealous. Which, of course, I am not. You know that, Leo... Right?

Leo looks away from Dave and yawns.

INT. KRAV MAGA CLASS - EVENING

Six pairs of women make slow motion kicks to the groin, and open hand strikes. Jessica and Grace are nearby warming up, as the class awaits the instructor, BIG JULIE (30s), tattooed from head to toe.

JESSICA

(whispering to Grace)

We started out in the morning.

MONTAGE

- Jessica and Hans in BMW convertible driving through picturesque scenery.

- Car eventually approaches a very rich country manor.

- Exterior Kramer Manor House.

JESSICA (V.O.)

Then he drove me to Greenwich where he has a small manor.

(laughing)

(MORE)

JESSICA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If there is such a thing as a small manor.

- Interior Kramer Manor House.

JESSICA (V.O.)

I mean wood ceilings, elaborate windows with all of those little pieces of glass.

CTBT:

GRACE

Sounds like something out of a romance novel. But wait, Jessica. Reality check. I thought this guy was a Tama suspect. Weren't you suppose to be investigating him?

JESSICA

Well, Detective Dave thinks so but that may just be a function of the jealousy cloud.

Big Julie straps on body padding which extends below his private parts. Students line up in front of him.

BIG JULIE

(bowing, hands at sides)
Kida.

CLASS

(bowing, hands at sides)
Kida.

BIG JULIE

OK, ladies, what is our mantra?

CLASS

The supreme art of war is to subdue the enemy without fighting.

BIG JULIE

That's right. But if you have to defend yourself, kick ass. We'll do a short warm-up. Then I want you to work those legs.

Heavy breathing fills the room as the women take turns aggressively kicking.

BIG JULIE (CONT'D)

Feel the burn. Feel the burn. Yes!
Go with it! Come on ladies!

(MORE)

BIG JULIE (CONT'D)

And you two...

(eyeing Grace and Jessica)

Cut with the gossip.

JESSICA

(breathing heavily; whispering)

You know how jealousy of another man just clouds the male intellect. It's not their fault. They just can't see straight. If Dave sees that I'm interested in Hans, there's no way he can see him as anything other than the villain.

GRACE

(whispering)

Maybe you've got the love cloud. That one that makes for fuzzy thinking, too.

BIG JULIE

Ladies, open hand strikes. Keep them fast.

Women strike and deflect with their hands.

JESSICA

(whispering)

Come on, Grace. I did my Hans homework. Most everything he says makes sense to me. Dishwasher? Sure, his father wanted him to see what it's like to have to work. And you're not the best person to do a reality check, Ms. Comic-Con.

GRACE

(whispering)

Just saying. Anyway, be careful and watch out for the clouds.

(beat)

So... since he's not the bad guy, did he tear your clothes off in a fit of passion?

They giggle.

JESSICA

(whispering)

No, he was a perfect gentleman. We're taking things slow. We need to get to know each other.

BIG JULIE
Don't slow down. Pour it on!

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - OFFICE - DAY

Jessica on phone. Dave waits outside office.

JESSICA
I'm sorry, Mr. Sinclair, but Duchy just doesn't play well with others. I'm just not sure we are the best place for her.
(beat)
Thank you for understanding... You too... okay... bye.
(hangs up)

Dave enters.

DAVE
How do you know he's not a con job? Just because he has a lot of money doesn't make him honest. Probably makes him more *dishonest*.

JESSICA
What are you talking about?

DAVE
That... that Hans guy.

JESSICA
He seems honest to me, Dave. Or are you letting yourself get carried away? He is an investor... and his family has money.

DAVE
Working as a dishwasher at a restaurant?

JESSICA
It was his father's restaurant. He was learning the business from the ground up.

DAVE
Dishwasher at the art show. Sounds like the name of a painting.

JESSICA

If you were looking for wealthy people to invest with, where would you go? It wouldn't be the pawn shop. I can tell you that.

Jessica turns to the computer.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Anyway, I don't have to apologize for how I spend my time.

DAVE

Remember the three letter word: C-O-N. It's tattooed on his forehead in case you missed it.

Dave pauses for a minute, unable to think of anything to say. Frustrated, he slowly exits the office.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - KENNEL AREA - DAY

Dave grabs a leash and passes Raul.

RAUL

You OK man? You look royally pissed.

DAVE

It's nothing. I just need to blow off some steam.

RAUL

It's those Italian shoes. I can feel it in my bones.

DAVE

It's not.

Dave leashes Leo and leads him to an interior room with massage table.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

Dave removes Leo's collar and puts on Bobby McFerrin's, "Don't Worry, Be Happy". He gives Leo a massage.

DAVE

OK, Leo, you're a good boy. Yes you are. Can you keep a secret, Leo? I know you can. I never thought I'd like a dog as much as I like you. I mean a *real* dog.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Not one in a painting. But don't tell anyone. OK?

He makes circular motions around Leo's neck.

DAVE (CONT'D)

And, you know, I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but I'm getting attached to some of the other dogs. Different genders, too. Java, definitely, though she's really stubborn sometimes. Bernard and Beatrice, for example. Don't worry. It's not the same as with you, of course. And I wouldn't want you to be jealous.

Leo raises his head to look at Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Not as jealous as I am. Oh! Another secret. And you *really* can't tell this one. OK. I admit it. I'm jealous of that Hans dude. How can I compete with a rich German investor? Maybe he's not a con. Leo, let me see that paw. But I don't like him and Jessica's going to get hurt.

(looks at Leo)

Oh, I know, you say. You're just looking out for yourself, but...

Dave's cell rings. He keeps one hand on Leo. He sees that it is Lydia.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Hello.

INT. LYDIA SWANSON ART GALLERY - DAY

LYDIA

Mr. Whitaker?

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

DAVE

Hi. Is this Lydia? Please, call me David. Hold on, let me turn the music off.

(turns off music)

Have you found anything?

LYDIA

One of my brokers has a small Edwin Landseer. It's a Cavalier King Charles Spaniel. Quite adorable. One of Landseer's paintings just sold at Christie's for over half a million. This one is smaller but high quality. It was in a family for many years and has just come on the market. I think you could get it for \$75,000. That's a very fair price. It has, of course, certificates of authenticity.

DAVE

When can I see it?

LYDIA

I'll have it brought to my gallery by the end of the week. Drop by on Friday. I will have it in the back room out of sight. For your eyes only.

INT. LYDIA SWANSON ART GALLERY - AFTERNOON

Dave is dressed in nice slacks, white shirt, blue blazer. As he enters the door, a small bell rings and Lydia emerges from the back.

LYDIA

Hello, Mr. Whitaker.

DAVE

David, please.

LYDIA

Please. Join me in back here.

She leads him to the back. Dave scans the room for Tama.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I am so excited about this painting and I haven't shown it to anyone.

The small Landseer painting of a brown and white Cavalier King Charles Spaniel rests on an easel.

DAVE

It's beautiful.

LYDIA

Isn't it? As I said, it was in the family for many years and they really wanted to hold on to it. Someone in their family actually knew Landseer, which makes it even more interesting. When the father died, however, they needed the money. Are you interested?

DAVE

It's very, very nice. Possibly. Can I think about it?

LYDIA

Don't think too long. Many others will be interested once the word gets out.

As he departs, he sees a small bowl of water in the corner of her office.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Dave stands in front of an easel working on his painting of a Whippet. Barry looks over his shoulder.

DAVE

What do you think?
(stands back from the painting)

BARRY

I'd put a little more green over there on the left.

DAVE

It's not green. It's teal. It's a combination of blue and green pigments mixed into a white base.

BARRY

Whatever. Looks like plain ol' green to me.

DAVE

You mean you can't see the blue in there? Wow!

BARRY

Nope. Anyway, how's your "Where in the World is Tama?" project going?

DAVE

If I can just get a tiny piece of paint, I can tell the date.

(holds up paint brush with a tiny bit of paint on it)
This much paint. That's all I need.

BARRY

Sounds real easy. Just go up to Lydia and say, "Hey Lyd, can I scrape a little paint off your \$75 thousand painting?" A piece of cake.

Dave continues to paint.

DAVE

Come on, Barry. I can solve this crime in minutes if I can prove she's a forger. I bet the FBI would like to meet her. She's probably ripped off a lot of people.

BARRY

This is not your problem. But I'll tell you what is. You're obsessed. I'm not sure if it's the dog, the painting, or the woman. I'm betting on the last two but I don't know in which order.

DAVE

You're right. I am obsessed! If I could catch an art forger... well, yes. That would be damn exciting.

BARRY

And Jessica?

DAVE

Even more exciting! Yes. Yeeeeeees.

BARRY

I know what's coming.

(mimicing)

"Barry, I need your help getting into that gallery."

(regular voice)

I've seen that look before. God, one illegal activity after another.

DAVE

There's an alarm system. I saw Lydia look at her phone and punch a code into a keypad at the front door and it unlocked. And the back office has some type of alarm... two little boxes... one on the door frame, the other on the door.

(beat)

Isn't there something called the Internet of Things?

BARRY

IoT? Never heard of it.

DAVE

Yeah, right. Even I know about that. I need you to hack the lock.

BARRY

And the alarm?

DAVE

Disarm it.

BARRY

And you think I can do that?

DAVE

Yup.

BARRY

Well, I can do the front door. You're responsible for the second. It sounds like a common magnet trip alarm. All you have to do is tape a magnet against the box on the door frame. The alarm will stay off.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - DOG PLAY AREA - DAY

Most of the dogs are outside. ANDREW (23), brings Alfie, a black and white Jack Russell Terrier in, then sets up the teeter, tunnel, hurdles, weave poles, and A frame. Alfie sniffs the equipment. Dave paces back and forth on the plastic bridge, practicing his speech.

DAVE

Ahem. "Jessica. How would you like to engage in a little espionage?"
No. That's not right. Ahem.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

"Jessica, uh, you really need to learn about Edwin Landseer." Too professorial. Uh, "Jessica, I'm in love with you and that creep, and his Italian shoes are driving me—"

Jessica walks by the open door and enters.

JESSICA

Dave. What are you doing?

DAVE

Oh, I... uh... I love... uh espionage with Edwin.

JESSICA

What? Who is Edwin?

DAVE

I, uh... Edwin Landseer, a painter.

JESSICA

Well, I know things are a little scratched up from the dogs but we don't need to do any painting around here.

DAVE

No, he's a dead painter. He paints Italian shoes. I mean—

JESSICA

Dave. What in the world are you talking about?

DAVE

Lydia. Yes. Lydia. She's got a painting for \$75,000. We need to get a little paint off of it. And I thought maybe we... you and I... could—

JESSICA

OK. Slow down. Explain to me what's going on. Does this have something to do with Tama?

DAVE

Yes. OK. I don't know how Lydia got her hands on it but it looks like the real thing.

JESSICA

What?

DAVE

The painting! The painting. It's a Spaniel... one of those uppity ones. Cavalier King Henry?

JESSICA

Cavalier King Charles Spaniel.

DAVE

Yes. I didn't have time to really examine it. Best way to tell is to take some very tiny pieces of paint and analyze it with spectrometry.

JESSICA

To tell what?

DAVE

Whether Lydia is a forger.

Alfie charges through the tunnel and jumps through the hoop.

ANDREW

Oh, man, he's got the zoomies bad today. He must have just pooped.

JESSICA

When he's got his zoomies out, make sure he sits on the pause table. He tends to get impatient. Dave, what's this got to do with Tama?

DAVE

After World War II, all of those nuclear tests put radioactive isotopes into the environment which contaminated modern paint. If we see too many radioactive isotopes, this has to be a forgery. The paint's too new. Are you game?

Jessica picks up a Frizbee and throws it to Alfie who catches it in the air.

JESSICA

Am I game? For what? I was sick the day they talked about radioactive isotopes.

Dave takes her hands.

DAVE

Jessica, please. I need for you to go with me and hold my paints and wear the headlamp.

Jessica pulls her hands away and puts a basket of dog toys in the closet.

JESSICA

Hold your paints? If it's an assistant you need, I'm not interested.

DAVE

I'm ninety percent sure she's there. I saw a water bowl.

JESSICA

(stopping)

OK. That's an interesting development. Finally something about Tama. I can't warm up to isotopes.

Andrew finishes with Alfie, who looks like he could jump through the hoop twenty more times.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Let him run around a little more. I'll take him back. See you later, Andrew.

Andrew leaves. Dave sits on the pause table. Jessica joins him.

DAVE

You know how Lydia dresses up to look like a painting?

JESSICA

Yes. So?

DAVE

She had a photo of herself with an ermine.

JESSICA

That's like a weasel, right?

DAVE

Right.

Alfie jumps up on the pause table and licks Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

If she can get an ermine in Poland... well... What does that tell you? Oh, my gosh. She could easily get a Tama in New York. She's probably stealing animals all over the world... horses, cows, cats...

He pauses, picks up Alfie.

DAVE (CONT'D)

... guinea pigs. Alfies... She would play Medusa if she could figure out how to get snakes to come out of her head.

JESSICA

Dave. You're getting carried away.

DAVE

OK. OK. But you see my point. She's got that dog and she'll use it for her dress up game and then... who knows what she'll do with it?

Alfie sits down beside him. Dave pauses, as if stricken with a terribly sad thought.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'm not even going to tell you what she did with the ermine.

JESSICA

What?

DAVE

It's not important.

JESSICA

Tell me.

DAVE

No. His name is Musky and he was really cute and furry.

He pulls up a photo of da Vinci's "Lady with an Ermine" on his phone.

INSERT: Picture of "Lady with an Ermine"

DAVE (CONT'D)

Here's Musky.

Jessica comes close to look at the picture.

DAVE (CONT'D)
But you're not into art, so...

He holds the phone against his chest, then pulls it away to look at it, without letting her see. He turns the phone to Alfie.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Look at Musky, Alfie. Isn't he cute? His fur turns white in the winter.

Jessica cranes to see the photo. Dave pulls it to his chest.

JESSICA
Let me see.

DAVE
No. You don't want to see this.
It's just an old painting.

JESSICA
Let me see Musky.

DAVE
A *really* old painting by some Italian Leonardo guy.

JESSICA
DAVE!

Jessica draws very close to him and lurches to grab the phone, falling against Dave's chest, just as Raul walks by the open door.

RAUL
Oh, ah... excuse me. Ah, sorry to interrupt ah-

JESSICA
It's nothing.

Raul is gone.

DAVE
OK. One quick look. Here he is. The ermine.

Jessica looks.

JESSICA

Ah. Look at his little ears. Dave,
what happened to Musky?

DAVE

Promise you'll break into the
gallery with me.

JESSICA

This is so incredibly childish.

She stands up from the pause table, sighs heavily, with her
back to Dave. Dave stands. She turns around.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

OK. What happened?

Dave covers Alfie's ears and leans into Jessica.

DAVE

He got loose after the photo was
taken and he's still there in the
museum. He pops up every once in
awhile and people paint his
picture. There are a lot of
paintings of Musky.

JESSICA

That's not so bad. I thought you
were going to say Lydia tortured
him.

DAVE

She's saving that for Tama.

EXT. LYDIA SWANSON ART GALLERY - MIDNIGHT

Dave and Jessica quietly walk towards the gallery entrance
on a poorly lit street. The front door is in shadows. No
people in sight. Dave carries a briefcase. Jessica pulls a
dog carrier with squeaky wheels.

DAVE

What are you pulling?

JESSICA

A few things for Tama. A leash, a
collar, sweet potato-

DAVE

A few things?
(peeks inside carrier door)
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

It looks like you're staying the weekend! There's no room for Tama. And the wheels make too much noise.

JESSICA

You have your tools, I have mine.

Dave shakes his head, heaves a large sigh and waves his cell phone in front of a keypad that controls the lock.

DAVE

I sure hope Barry got this right. If the alarm goes off, we'll stroll along as if we are innocent.

He looks at the phone and punches numbers into the keypad. He quietly opens the door. There is no alarm.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Thank you, Barry.

INT. LYDIA SWANSON ART GALLERY - FRONT ROOM - MIDNIGHT

He and Jessica enter. They put on headlamps, stare at each other for a moment and smile. Jessica pulls the pet carrier behind her, which squeaks as she walks.

JESSICA

Tama. Here, Tama girl.

DAVE

(whispering)
Don't touch anything, and keep that thing quiet, would you?

JESSICA

(looking under chairs)
Tama. Tama girl. Come on, honey. Time to go. Where are you?

They go through the gallery toward the back door to Lydia's private room.

DAVE

OK, let's give this a shot.

Dave takes a small magnet from his pocket and tapes it against the magnetic trip box. They open the door and enter and close the door behind them.

INT. LYDIA SWANSON ART GALLERY - BACK ROOM - MIDNIGHT

In front of them on an easel is the Landseer painting of a Cavalier King Charles Spaniel.

JESSICA

It's really pretty... sort of.

DAVE

He was one of the best animal painters of his day. Look how realistic the fur looks. Landseer could paint with both hands. Like do the butt of the dog with the left, while he was doing the head with the right.

Jessica peers under Lydia's desk holding a dog treat.

JESSICA

Impressive. But we better get moving.

DAVE

Right, sorry. Just a bit of paint off the edge where the frame is so there's little damage.

JESSICA

I wonder what she did with Tama.

Jessica looks around. Dave puts down the briefcase and places his cell phone on the desk beside the easel. Opening the briefcase, he takes out his paints and tools. He scrapes a little piece of paint off, holds it with tweezers and drops it into a bottle. He repeats the process. Jessica continues to look.

DAVE

So now a little touch up.

He applies paints to his palette, mixing them so that they match the painting. With a small brush, he applies new paint.

JESSICA

Can you go a little faster?
This makes me nervous.

They hear a noise and both freeze.

DAVE

Just the HVAC... a little dab here
and here. No one will notice.
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Of course, if this is the real thing at \$75,000-

JESSICA

Dave. Please hurry. This building feels haunted and I don't like the look of that Spaniel. There's something odd about it.

DAVE

We'll know for sure when Barry gets someone to run mass spectrometry.

Dave finishes touching up the painting.

DAVE (CONT'D)

That should do it. Let's go.

He starts to go but Jessica holds back, taking a closer look at the painting.

JESSICA

Wait. I told you that dog is creepy. Lydia said this was a Cavalier King Charles Spaniel?

DAVE

Yes. Isn't it?

JESSICA

Well, it is. But... when did Landseer paint it?

DAVE

Maybe the 1860s.

JESSICA

There were no original Cavalier King Charles Spaniels in the 19th century! They died out. It wasn't until the 1920s that a breeder tried and failed to recreate the original breed.

She points at the painting.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Look at the shape of the head. It's domed. And the nose is short. In the 19th century, the dogs had flatter heads and longer noses. This is a 20th century dog.

DAVE

Lydia used the wrong dog? A 20th century dog in a 19th century painting? That's pretty funny.

JESSICA

Real funny! Ha, ha. We just broke into this place risking arrest for a fake painting! And we still don't have a dog!

DAVE

With the paint samples, we have irrefutable proof.

JESSICA

Anyone looking at that painting has irrefutable proof. Let's get out of here.

DAVE

OK, OK. Calm down. Just let me grab my stuff.

Dave gathers his paints and palette and puts them in the briefcase. As they leave the room, Dave grabs the magnet taped to the alarm box before closing the door.

JESSICA

Dave. You were supposed to keep the magnet on before you closed the door.

DAVE

Damn. I forgot.

He hurriedly tries to get the magnet back on but it is too late. Suddenly the gallery is filled with a piercing alarm.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Shit!

INT. LYDIA SWANSON ART GALLERY - FRONT ROOM - MIDNIGHT

Dave and Jessica run towards the front door. Dave trips on a chair and the briefcase flies out of his hand. The contents scatter around the room.

DAVE

Quick! Grab everything.

The only light is from their headlamps which are moving all over the floor.

He and Jessica run around the room gathering items and putting them back into the briefcase as the alarm continues to ring.

EXT. LYDIA SWANSON ART GALLERY - FRONT ROOM - MIDNIGHT

From outside the building we hear the alarm bell ringing as headlamp lights flash all over the interior of the gallery.

INT. LYDIA SWANSON ART GALLERY - FRONT ROOM - MIDNIGHT

Jessica and Dave race to collect Dave's tools, etc.

DAVE

Over there.

He points under a table.

DAVE (CONT'D)

The burnt umber.

Jessica drops the headlamp and it goes under a desk. They both run for it and crash into each other. Jessica falls over a trash can and the contents scatter. Dave gets the headlamp and shines it so Jessica can see. She hurriedly grabs the trash and gets it back in the can.

JESSICA

Hurry!

Finally they get Dave's paints back into the briefcase and run out of the gallery onto the sidewalk, Jessica pulling the dog carrier.

EXT. LYDIA SWANSON ART GALLERY - MIDNIGHT

Dave and Jessica hear a police siren. A police car with flashing lights turns the corner. Dave grabs Jessica, and kisses her passionately as the police car passes them by and stops in front of the gallery.

OFFICER JONES (40s), emerges with a flashlight, checks the gallery door, which is locked and points his flashlight into the gallery.

Dave and Jessica continue to kiss as OFFICER FRANKLIN (30s), looks over at them.

JONES

Must be a false alarm. Damn that thing's loud.

He pulls out his phone and makes a call.

JONES (CONT'D)

Officer Jones here at the Lydia Swanson Gallery. Turn the alarm off... Yes. Yes. It's OK. Everything checks out.

FRANKLIN

(approaching Dave and Jessica)
Hey, love birds. Did you see anything?
(gestures to the Gallery)

Dave and Jessica stop kissing. The officer points towards the door.

DAVE

No. We were, well, ah, no officer. We were kind of-

FRANKLIN

(looking at carrier)
What do you have in that rolling thing?

JESSICA

Oh, that's for my dog. I'm picking her up tomorrow and I've got everything ready for her... jerky, teeth chews, blanket-

FRANKLIN

I got a dog. Willie. Boy is he something. Wanna to see a picture?

He pulls out his phone.

JONES

Hey, Frankie. Are you showing pictures of your mutt again? Come on. We're on the job for crying out loud.

FRANKLIN

Sorry... on the job.
(waves Dave and Jessica off)

The officers look around the street. Dave and Jessica walk away.

JESSICA

Can I breathe now? Let's go to my place. It's nearby.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - HALL OUTSIDE HER DOOR - NIGHT

Dave and Jessica, laughing, trying unsuccessfully to be quiet.

JESSICA

Dave, keep it down. The neighbors.

DAVE

(imitating Officer Franklin)
"Hey love birds, did you see anything?"

JESSICA

(low voice)
I was preoccupied. Preoccupied with my lips.

She holds on to him to steady herself from laughter. He slips his arm around her waist and kisses her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I don't see any police around.

DAVE

I do. There's one right there.
Quick!

They kiss and laugh.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I want you to know that first kiss was more than just a cover-up.

JESSICA

Oooh. Really? I bet all burglars say that.

She turns around and opens the door.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

DAVE

Oh! You just kissed a burglar!

Dave drops his case near the door. Jessica rolls in the carrier. Leo looks at the intruder.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Hey, Leo. You know me, buddy.

JESSICA

He's like, "what are you doing here". Look at him.

They kick off their shoes. Jessica locks the door.

DAVE

What am I stepping on?

He pulls a piece of dog food from his sock.

JESSICA

Oh, Leo, you didn't finish your dinner. I scatter it around so he doesn't get bored. Watch your step.

DAVE

Oh, Man! Now that was pretty exciting, huh? Mission accomplished.

Dave holds his hand up to hers. They high five. They look at each other.

JESSICA

Don't you think we should report Lydia to the police?

DAVE

Tomorrow we'll let them know she's a forger, and get Tama back. We can't show our faces at the station tonight. What if we run into those two cops that made the call on the gallery? Tama will be fine until the morning.

JESSICA

We'll be heroes! Too bad we can't brag about this to Winthrop! We saved your precious Tama!

DAVE

And I am about to expose an art forger! Woo-hoo! Take that Lydia!

Another high five. This time their hands stay together, fingers entwined. He pulls her hand to his mouth and kisses the hand, the arm, the neck.

JESSICA

(laughing)
Oh my gosh!

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I think you just like the thrill of getting away with something... the same thrill the forger gets. I can't believe it. I thought for sure those police were going to get us. I've never been so scared!

She puts her arms around Dave and they kiss. He runs two fingers down her neck. Leo looks at them.

DAVE

Come on, not even when that Weimaraner bit you?

They kiss.

JESSICA

I wasn't doing anything illegal then.

DAVE

THIS was illegal?

Dave laughs and kisses her. They move to the bedroom.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

DAVE

Why does it feel so good to be so bad?

JESSICA

Leo, save me from this art historian. I am succumbing to his desire. Leo will save me.

DAVE

He'll have to do a better job than that.

Dave slowly unbuttons her shirt revealing the lacy black bra. He kisses her breasts and comes eye to eye with a dog on the bra.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What's on it?

JESSICA

Pugs. Leo's always been upset that it's not an English Bulldog.

DAVE

Where's the do-hickey in the back?

JESSICA

It's an over-the-head bra.

She gets the bra off and they kiss.

DAVE

You smell like Leo.

JESSICA

That's the best compliment a woman
could get. And you smell like
charcoal pencils.

While they are engaged in giddy foreplay, Leo jumps on the
bed and licks them both.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Leo! Leo.

DAVE

Canine Interruptus.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Dave and Jessica are asleep in bed. Suddenly Dave sits bolt
upright.

DAVE

Jessica.

JESSICA

(sleepily)
What?

DAVE

My phone!

He looks frantically around for his phone.

JESSICA

(sleepily)
Look on the floor. You probably
dropped it... Use mine.

He pulls bed sheets up, looks all around the bed. Nothing.

DAVE

I think I left my phone on Lydia's
desk.

(continues to search)

JESSICA

(sleepily)

That's OK. You'll get it tomorrow.
Come back to bed.

DAVE

Lydia will find it in the morning
and know I broke in to examine the
painting.

JESSICA

It's just a cell phone. She won't
know it's yours.

DAVE

Yes, she will. She saw that I had a
picture of Leo on the case.

JESSICA

Ah, that's so sweet. Come snuggle
with me.

(falls asleep)

Dave paces, talking to himself, increasingly nervous.

DAVE

I will say to the police, "She's an
art forger and she stole Tama. May
I have my phone, please?" And the
police will say, "How did your
phone get in her gallery, Mr.
Harrington?" No. No. Or... Lydia
doesn't say a word and just hands
him my phone with a nasty smile.

(slaps forehead)

Oh! Oh!

He rouses Jessica.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Jessica, get up. Get up!
(starts to pull her out of bed)

JESSICA

What?

DAVE

We've got to go to my apartment.

JESSICA

But it's...

(looks at clock)

Saturday. Sally's opening shop. We
can sleep in.

DAVE

Lydia's sure to skip town and take that friggin' dog with her! I hacked Lydia's e-mail. I need to get to my computer to see if she plans to flee. She opens her gallery at 10 a.m.

INT. LYDIA SWANSON ART GALLERY - EARLY MORNING

MONTAGE

- Lydia enters gallery
- Lydia notices wet paint on painting
- Lydia finds Dave's phone

EXT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jessica and Dave at the apartment door.

DAVE

Shit. Barry just put this new system in and it's too much like Lydia's number. 8538? 8533? Damn, I don't know.

He tries different numbers and finally, the alarm goes off. Java barks, they both jump, and half-naked Barry comes to the door, turns off alarm.

BARRY

Dave. What in the hell are you doing?

DAVE

I live here, remember? I couldn't remember the code.

BARRY

Dave, damn it! There isn't a code. It's biometric. I told you all you have to do is look into the camera lens on the door...

(looking over Dave's shoulder)
Jessica?

JESSICA

(sheepishly)
Hi. Uh. Beautiful morning, Barry.

Grace appears in pajamas behind Barry.

Jessica? GRACE

Grace? JESSICA

BARRY
Now that we all know each other,
what in the hell is going on?

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

DAVE
Your hack was great, Barry. We got
into the gallery, but I left my
cell phone. We've got to catch
Lydia before she finds my phone,
and figures out what we are up to,
and skips town!

BARRY
I'm off duty for the weekend.

DAVE
We don't need you Barry. We need my
computer. I need to check her e-
mail.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT, DAVE'S ROOM - MORNING

Dave and Jessica rush into his room and sit in front of his
computer.

CU OF DAVE'S COMPUTER

Text begins to scroll across the screen: "UA #834 JFK to LHR
5:30 p.m."

DAVE
She's booked a flight for London.
It leaves at 5:30 p.m.

INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - 3:30 P.M.

Standing in front of the United Airlines check-in, Dave,
sporting a fedora and sunglasses and Jessica wearing a blond
wig, large red hat, sunglasses and toting a dog carrier, scan
the crowds of people.

JESSICA
You can always depend on Grace for
a costume.

DAVE
I'll stand in front of security.

JESSICA
I'll stay here. If either one of us
sees her, make a commotion.
Anything to stop her.

INSERT - Wall Clock at 4 p.m.

INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT SECURITY - 4 P.M.

Dave pacing back and forth looking at people.

INT. UNITED AIRLINE TICKET CHECK-IN - 4:05 P.M.

Jessica checks her watch and scrutinizes passengers. She sees the back of a woman with a pet carrier, rushes over, looks in. It's a cat.

INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT SECURITY - 4:10 P.M.

Dave looks up at departure monitor. Jessica joins Dave.

JESSICA
Where is she? She couldn't have
checked the dog yet. We'd have seen
her. Why don't you call Barry?

Jessica hands phone to Dave who calls Barry.

DAVE
Barry. Quick, log into my computer
and check Lydia's e-mail. She's
supposed to be on this 5:30 p.m.
flight.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

Barry checks Dave's computer.

BARRY
She's gone. She cancelled the 5:30
p.m. flight and bought another
ticket for 3:30 p.m. on British
Airways.

DAVE
Damn. Did she check a dog?

BARRY

Doesn't look like it. Nope, only one piece of luggage.

DAVE

OK. Thanks, Barry.

Dave hands the phone back to Jessica.

DAVE (CONT'D)

She didn't check a dog. I don't get it.

INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT CONCOURSE - 4:30 P.M.

Jessica sees Hans crossing the concourse. She calls out to him, waving.

JESSICA

Hans!

Not recognizing her, he keeps walking. She hurriedly moves closer to him with Dave following. She touches Hans and he turns around.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hans. It's me. Jessica.
(removes sunglasses)

HANS

Oh. I didn't recognize you. Nice hat.
(he kisses her on the cheek)
And Mr.-

DAVE

Harrington, Dave Harrington.

HANS

Yes, Mr. Harrington... Well,
(looks at Jessica)
what a surprise. Are you traveling?

JESSICA

No. Uh, we are waiting, uh, for someone.

HANS

And who is in the carrier?

JESSICA

Ah, well, my friend is bringing her dog with her. Are you going to Hamburg?

HANS

Yes. One of my restaurants just, uh, lost their top chef. I'll be back in a week. I'll give you a call when I return.

He swiftly departs, only to be stopped by a WOMAN (30s), holding a small dog carrier. They look back momentarily towards Jessica and Dave. As they do so, the door of the dog carrier comes into view and Dave and Jessica see Tama inside.

CLOSE UP OF TAMA IN DOG CARRIER

DAVE

What the hell? He's got the dog!

JESSICA

What?

DAVE

He's got Tama!

Dave charges towards Hans and the woman who make their escape. Jessica hesitates, then catches up to Dave.

JESSICA

No! It's... got to be a coincidence. He's going to Hamburg. He has no use for a dog. He doesn't even like dogs.

DAVE

He took the dog! Don't you get it? He conned you all along. He must be working with Lydia. She tipped him off.

Hans and the woman run. Dave and Jessica, in costume, pick up the pace, breathing heavily as they argue. Jessica pulls the dog carrier.

JESSICA

What? Hans and Lydia? No!

DAVE

Yes!

JESSICA

It's your fault! If you hadn't left your phone, they wouldn't be taking off for... for wherever.

DAVE

Well, you could have told me, so we wouldn't have to break in.

People stare at them.

JESSICA

About what? What are you talking about?

DAVE

About the short nose and the domed head.

JESSICA

What?

Dave's hat falls off. He stops momentarily to pick it up, followed by Jessica.

DAVE

The 20th Century Cavalier dog in Lydia's painting. You should have told me before we got in this mess.

JESSICA

Oh. Now you're going to blame it on the dog, uh? I knew you didn't really like dogs. You don't, do you?

Jessica starts running faster and faster. Her hat flies off and she stops to pick it up. Her wig is askew.

DAVE

I do. Leo's my buddy.

Dave starts running after her.

JESSICA

You do not. And... and leave Leo out of this.

(beat)

They're getting away!

DAVE

I like Leo.

JESSICA

You're just fakin' it! "Oh, nice doggie, Leo." Fakin' it. You're no better than Lydia forging a painting! You forge love for dogs!

Hans and the woman make it to the security line and butt ahead of people.

HANS

Excuse us. Have to catch a plane.
Sorry. Pardon us.

They get through the security scanner as Dave and Jessica arrive at the security point.

DAVE

Stop them! They've got a dog! Stop!

Dave and Jessica push their way through the line of people. People get increasingly angry with them, with a "hey" here and there. They get near the front of the line as TSA guards become agitated. Three guards converge. A large MALE TSA GUARD (30s), approaches.

MALE TSA GUARD

Hold it right there! What do you think you're doing?

JESSICA

That man stole our dog.

TSA Guard looks at the crowd on other side of security but doesn't see anything suspicious.

MALE TSA GUARD

Don't see anything.

Dave and Jessica try to get past the security scanner. A FEMALE TSA GUARD (40s), pulls out a gun.

FEMALE TSA GUARD

Freeze!

She points her gun at Dave and Jessica who stop. A third and fourth guard surround Dave and Jessica.

INT. WINDOWLESS SECURITY ROOM AT AIRPORT - EVENING

Dave and Jessica, still adorned in their disguises, sit on stiff wooden chairs. They do not speak.

JESSICA

You can take your disguise off. You look stupid.

DAVE

Like you don't?

He pulls the hat and sunglasses off and throws them on the floor.

JESSICA

Hey, be careful. Those belong to Grace.

(sigh)

You know, if you had managed to keep your hands on your cell phone, we would have had Tama back a long time ago.

DAVE

And if you would have managed to keep your hands off Mr. Italian shoes... Hans Kramer, we... I don't know. What gets me is, I told you he was a con. But do you listen to me? No. Who's Dave? He's just an art historian. Gets excited looking at old paint! What does he know about con men? Well, this art historian was right.

TSA OFFICER (40s), enters the room.

JESSICA

(to officer)

You let that man get away.

DAVE

He stole our dog.

JESSICA

(to Dave)

Tama's not *your* dog.

DAVE

You know what I-

OFFICER

You two caused quite a commotion. I ran your names through the Do Not Fly List and you came up clean. But we're charging you with disorderly conduct.

JESSICA

(turning to Dave)

Well, thanks for ruining my business, Dave. When Winthrop finds out that Tama is lost, I am done for... finished! Do you hear me? Finished!

DAVE

I? Me? Nice-guy Dave? I ruined your snooty... we only-take-dogs-with-papers... business? Really? I was trying to help, in case you didn't notice. But OK, I ruined it. And here's a new name for it, *One Lost Dog Resort*. No, better, *One Lost Pedigree Dog Resort and Spa*.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - EVENING

Dave and Barry at the kitchen table. Barry has a cup of coffee as Dave sketches.

DAVE

It was a big scene, Barry. Seems like she blamed me for everything, including being born! I'm not sure where I went wrong.

BARRY

You went wrong getting up close and personal with Leo. You should have stuck with Java.

He pets Java.

DAVE

Damn. Things were going so well... at least I thought they were.

BARRY

Well, you didn't get the girl but at least you exposed an art forger.

DAVE

Well, we know Lydia's paintings aren't real, but I can't tell anyone. What good is that? And the crazy thing is, I *still* don't know what in the hell Hans needs a dog for! That particular dog! What's so special about that dog?

BARRY

Yeah, well... I'm stumped. Uh, look, Grace and I, we're doing really well. She's... she's just terrific. So we've decided to live together. I'm moving into her apartment.

DAVE

Does Java know about this?

BARRY

I tried to explain it to her. She let me know she's OK with Pumpkin. She passed the sniff test anyway.

DAVE

Are you sure about this? I mean Grace... She's a good person and all, but you know, she makes certain demands. What character does she have you playing?

BARRY

She gave me a choice between Robin Hood and Batman. I put my foot down on Olaf, even though she already has the costume. She puts up with my computers. I put up with her cosplay. Anyway, the lease isn't up until January so you're welcome to stay until something comes available.

DAVE

Thanks, Barry. I put in applications all over. If nothing comes through, it's back to poker dogs.

BARRY

You can borrow Java anytime.

Dave hands Barry a sketch of Barry in an Olaf costume.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - DAY

Dave sneaks quietly in.

DAVE

Psst. Raul. Is Jessica around?

RAUL

Uh. I'm not sure if she's here. Let me see.

DAVE

No. No. I'd like to say goodbye to Leo. I, uh, don't really want to talk, uh, to Jessica. Could you-

RAUL

Sure, man. Hey, I heard about uh, your little... disagreement! Whoa. Hey, if you want to talk...
(reaches out to hug Dave)
What are you going to do?

DAVE

I'm not sure. But thanks. Well, can you just get Leo without... you know-

Raul gets Leo and hands his leash to Dave.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Dave, sketching, sits on park bench talking to Leo.

DAVE

Leo, buddy, you've been the best thing that's happened to me all summer. You never talked back and, aside from the slobbering, you've been the perfect gentleman. But... well, it's time for me to move on. And I don't know if I'll see you again. So...
(hugs and kisses Leo)
I've never done this to a therapist before. But it seems like it's OK with you.

He shows his sketch of Leo to Leo, who looks at it and barks.

INT. THRIFT STORE - DAY

Jessica and Grace shopping.

JESSICA

How was I to know that Hans was a crook? I mean everything seemed legit. I guess I'm just a poor judge of character.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Anyway, let Dave play games with old paintings. We're lucky we didn't get arrested.

GRACE

Saved by a kiss.

JESSICA

It was a really nice kiss, too.

GRACE

I'm thinking I should go with "Game of Thrones" Dragon Queen. I wonder if Barry...

(holds up dress)

I could shorten it.

JESSICA

No. It's too... It's not right.

(looks up to the ceiling)

Ugh. I've still got to deal with Winthrop, too. Somehow, I've got to come up with a Tama.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - DAY

Raul and Jessica in office. Jessica looking at the computer.

JESSICA

Raul, take a look. What do you think?

CLOSE UP: OF JAPANESE CHIN ON A WEBSITE

RAUL

Cute. Looks like Tama, except it's brown.

JESSICA

Yes! I'll keep looking.

RAUL

For what?

JESSICA

For a Tama replacement.

RAUL

Whoa! You're not really-

JESSICA

Well, what choice do we have?
Winthrop's returning in a few days
and I've got to produce a black and
white Japanese Chin. And, sadly, my
magic wand is broken!

RAUL

You don't think he'll notice? You
said yourself he's like daddy to
that dog.

JESSICA

Well, he'll just have to daddy
another dog. Let's hope he is
adaptable.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - DAY

JESSICA

(on phone)

I'm looking for a Japanese Chin,
about one to four years old...
Brown? No. Thanks. I've got to have
black and white.

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - LATER THAT DAY

Grace with a Japanese Chin on a leash.

GRACE

She just couldn't get the Chin to
wear the Pikachu costume. Besides,
her owner is moving out of state.
She's a rescue, yes, but she's
black and white and perfect.

JESSICA

How can I ever thank you, Grace?

GRACE

I'll think of something. Just be
careful; she doesn't like men with
mustaches.

EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - DAY

A jet lands on the runway.

INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT CONCOURSE - DAY

ALEXANDER WINTHROP (50s), distinguished, well dressed, streak of silver in his black hair, walks towards baggage claim. Jessica and Raul wait for him with TAMA TWO, a Japanese Chin, on a leash.

RAUL

OK, Tama Two, as we rehearsed. Show Daddy some love!

JESSICA

Mr. Winthrop! Look who we brought to greet you.

Winthrop sees them and walks over excitedly. He gets down on one knee and throws his arms out. Tama Two doesn't move.

RAUL

(whispering)

Come on, Tama Two, this is your starring moment.

(to Winthrop)

Uh, it's been so long!

Finally, Raul brings the dog to Winthrop.

WINTHROP

Tama! Tama girl. Come to Daddy! Oh, have I missed you? Yes, my baby! Yes. It's been so long! Let me look at you!

(picks Tama up, then looks at Jessica)

I can't believe you made a special trip...

(to Tama Two)

Look at those beautiful eyes! Are you Daddy's special, special little whooby-dooby? Yes, you are!

(to Jessica and Raul)

We are off to Geneva in the fall.

(to Tama Two)

And you, little sweet thing, are coming with me. You'll love Switzerland.

(to Jessica and Raul)

I'm having some recent acquisitions sent to my vault in the Geneva Freeport.

JESSICA

What do you mean? You got another dog?

WINTHROP

No, Tama here is quite enough. I paid good money for some paintings. And I need a place to store them. My walls at home are filled. They have great storage facilities in Switzerland... climate controlled, safe.

JESSICA

Are they, let's see... Impressionist? Maybe a little Manet, Monet, or Renoir?

WINTHROP

No. Baroque.
(kisses Tama and sets her down on the ground)
Well, send me a bill and I'll have my accountant send payment. Thanks for all of your care. Tama looks great. I knew you'd do a great job with her.

RAUL

Well, good to see you, Mr. Winthrop.
(to Tama Two)
Bye, sweetie. We'll miss you!
(throws a kiss)

Winthrop departs with Tama Two. Jessica gives a high five to Raul.

JESSICA

We did it! I haven't felt this relieved since Dave and I got out of Lydia's gallery. Except this is final relief. Tama Two worked and there's no lost cell phone.

RAUL

One more happy customer.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Jessica sits on the same park bench that Dave used to sit on when he talked to Leo. She looks at sketches Dave had given her, occasionally showing one to Leo. Leo eats some grass.

JESSICA

Leo, listen to me. Your buddy is gone. I know, I know.
(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I still can't believe he left his phone at Lydia's. Surely he's gotten a new phone by now. I wish he would call me. It would be really nice to hear his voice. I wonder what he's painting. I hope he's not drawing another woman's face.

Leo starts to throw up.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Leo!

EXT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL - DAY

DAVE

Is he going to be OK?

RAUL

I'm not sure. He was shaking and vomiting. They think it could be from pesticides. He's dehydrated and not very responsive.

DAVE

How's Jessica taking it?

RAUL

She's pretty torn up.

DAVE

She'll be OK if I come in?

RAUL

I think so.

INT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

Dave enters and hugs Jessica a bit awkwardly.

JESSICA

(crying)

Thanks for coming, Dave.

DAVE

Yeah, uh, I... How is he doing?

JESSICA

Not too well. He started to bleed into his chest.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I was walking him in the park and he was so lethargic. Then he had trouble breathing. I managed to get him back to Pedigree. By the time I brought him here, he could hardly move.

DAVE

I'm sorry.

JESSICA

If something happens to Leo-

DAVE

I know. I know.

(retrieves bills from his pocket
and puts them into her hand
which he holds briefly)

Toward the vet bill. I wish I could give more.

JESSICA

Dave, no, I can't-

DAVE

Please.

Jessica looks at him and puts the money in her pocket.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Uh... listen, uh, Jessica, I...
I'm, uh, sorry about-

VET (30-55), comes out of a door.

VET

Well, Leo is not out of the woods, yet... But, he's doing better and I think he's going to have a full recovery. You'll have to watch him when you take him home tomorrow.

Jessica, Dave, Raul, look at each other and sigh.

JESSICA

Can we see him?

VET

Sure. This way.

INT. VET EXAM ROOM - DAY

Leo lies on an exam table.

DAVE

Leo, buddy. Remember how we used to talk?

When Leo sees Dave he perks up.

Jessica steps forward and Dave steps back.

JESSICA

Leo.
(hugs him)

Dave nervously fidgets with his hands, makes eye contact with Raul.

DAVE

Well, I, uh... need to be going.
Goodbye, Leo.
(steps forward and pats Leo)
I miss you, buddy.
(looks at Jessica, smiles briefly)
Get better.

RAUL

See ya Dave.
(gives a hug)

JESSICA

Thanks, Dave... Bye. Be seeing you.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dave walks down street.

DAVE

Damn. Damn. I just couldn't do it.
Why wouldn't my mouth work?

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - FALL - DAY

Dave stands at his easel, painting. Java is tied to his cart sitting on fallen leaves. Paintings are displayed with a sign, "Paw-er-ful Paintings by Dave". Occasionally someone stops and looks at his work.

Jessica walks Leo in another part of the park. Java and Leo pick up each other's scent and start barking. Suddenly Leo lurches forward, breaking away from Jessica's grasp and runs towards, as yet unseen, Java. Java pulls on the cart she is tied to and breaks free. She runs toward Leo.

The dogs spot one another and race towards each other in slow motion. Dave and Jessica chase their respective dogs. The dogs come together, jumping and playing. Jessica and Dave, running behind, catch sight of each other and stop. Dave and Jessica, both out of breath, wave to each other before grabbing their respective dogs.

DAVE

Leo. Buddy. You look good! So good!
No more pesticides for you, uh?

JESSICA

Java. How are you doing? Oh, you do
need another haircut. Doesn't
anyone take care of you?

DAVE

Oh, Leo, you have a person with
you? A really wonderful woman, as I
recall. A brave woman who dares to
enter a forbidden art gallery.
Would you tell her I'd like to talk
to her? Might she be interested,
Leo, in checking out the Louvre? I
have never been completely
convinced that "Mona Lisa" was
genuine. Just a little scrape of
paint, uh?

Leo barks.

JESSICA

Java, tell Leo, to tell the art
historian that I would gladly go on
another adventure with him. But
that he can never mention the name
Hans and I will never, ever again,
say *lost cell phone*.

Java barks.

DAVE

Sounds like a deal, Java, uh, Leo,
uh-

JESSICA

And Java, tell Leo, to tell Dave,
that... this is really kind of
silly?

DAVE

Yes, well, you know, dogs do have a
kind of sixth sense about things.

JESSICA

Clearly they know better than we do. Seems like we're destined to come together with these dogs.

DAVE

I've missed you.

They look again into each others' eyes and kiss.

EXT. STORE FRONT BESIDE PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - SPRING - DAY

Spring flowers are blooming. The new sign above the store reads "Artful Dogs".

A ribbon is tied across the closed door. Outside, a cloth covers an easel with a painting.

Pedigree patrons and their dogs stand about gawking. Employees of Pedigree and various bystanders look on as PHOTOGRAPHERS snap photos.

Standing in front of the storefront are James and Raul, Jessica and Dave, Grace, in Maid Marian costume and Barry in Robin Hood costume, each holding leashes for Leo and Java respectively.

Raul, in a fancy sports jacket, holds large scissors.

RAUL

(to crowd)

We're celebrating the opening of a new addition to Pedigree Dog Resort and Spa... Artful Dogs! Now, not only can you have your dog walked and boarded, massaged and pedicured. Not only will your dog speak four languages when Pedigree gets through with her...

(laughter)

but now... drum roll, please... our talented Dave Harrington will put your dog in the center of a famous painting.

JESSICA

OK, Leo.

Leo pulls the cloth away to reveal a painting of himself in Charles Burton Barber's "Suspense", with Leo substituted for the dog. Applause.

GRACE
(leans towards Jessica and
whispers)
Barry and I are off to another
Comic-Con. But we wouldn't have
missed this for anything.

Raul hands scissors to Jessica and Dave who put their hands together and cut the ribbon. Applause. When Dave tries to open the door, it doesn't budge.

DAVE
Hey, Barry, what's the trick for
getting into this place?

BARRY
Biometrics. Everyone blink.

The crowd blinks and Dave pushes the door open. People applaud as Dave and Jessica kiss.

INT. GENEVA FREEPORT - DAY

Winthrop stands in front of a vault holding Tama Two, orienting the dog's eye in front of a camera lens.

INT. GENEVA HOTEL - EVENING

Winthrop holding cell phone.

WINTHROP
(frantically)
The dog! What did you do to Tama?
Her eyes don't work! Her eyes don't
work!

INT. PEDIGREE DOG RESORT AND SPA - DAY

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

JESSICA
Mr. Winthrop, calm down. There is
nothing wrong with her eyes. Her
eyes were fine when we left her
with you.

WINTHROP
I tell you something has changed
with her eyes! The vault won't
open.

JESSICA

What are you talking about, Mr. Winthrop? If something is wrong with her eyes, take her to the vet.

WINTHROP

(almost crying)
Somehow the eyes have changed!

JESSICA

Well sometimes dogs develop pigmentation keratitis. It can change the color of the dog's eyes. Best to take her to the vet.

WINTHROP

The vault!

POST-CREDITS: CUT TO TV NEWS:

NEWS ANCHOR

We have a report tonight on a burglary in Geneva. The victim is Alexander Winthrop, a wealthy art collector. Several large pieces of art were stolen from his vault. Interpol is investigating, but there is no sign of forced entry and it is not known how the thief gained access.

TO BE CONTINUED